

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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## THE KING ON WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY AT HIS SCOTTISH HOME: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR ON HIS WAY TO BALMORAL.

His Majesty the King, after an exceptionally strenuous season in London, where political and industrial problems have caused him great anxiety and much hard work, has proceeded to his country home at Balmoral for a well-earned holiday. As an instance of the thoughtfulness of the King and Queen, their Majesties have arranged for parties of wounded men to be entertained in the gardens of Buckingham Palace once or twice a week. At Ballater, on his way to Balmoral, the

King inspected his guard of honour, which, for the first time, consisted of recruits. They were drawn from the Gordon Highlanders' Depot at Aberdeen, under the command of Capt. G. W. A. Alexander, the well-known Scottish cricketer. The King is one of the best shots in the kingdom, and shortly after his arrival at Balmoral, on Monday, August 22, his party obtained a record bag. With nine guns, 260 brace were secured.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. DAWSON.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THIS is the Silly Season, and it is natural that the newspapers should be full of serious discussions about the Higher Criticism and the New Woman. One familiar question seems to be a favourite this year: that of why people do not go to church. Personally, I should have thought

It is perfectly true that the creed of many old conventional parsons was a very dried-up and detached sort of affair. It is quite true that it rattled in their heads like a dried pea in a bladder. But in the mind of the sceptical layman there is not even a dried pea to rattle; there is not even a dead creed to return an echo. All is solemn silence within.

can really learn from science, and even from popular science. Almost any clergyman could learn enough, if only from an encyclopædia, to give a different lecture every week on the common objects of the seashore. But not every clergyman could utter every week a different sort of prose poem about the music and mystery of the sea. At the best it would probably tend to be the same prose poem; and possibly more prosy than poetic. And that is exactly what the liberal sentimentalists expect from him in connection with their own infinite but formless faith. They have themselves created the very ineptitude of which they complain.



THE SCOTTISH LIBERAL COALITION WHIP AND LORD OF THE TREASURY TO MARRY MISS FOUNTAIN ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 27: SIR WILLIAM SUTHERLAND. Sir William Sutherland, K.C.B., M.P., is a Lord of the Treasury and the Scottish Liberal Coalition Whip. He is one of the most brilliant of the young men in the present Parliament, and was for some years one of the Prime Minister's most trusted private secretaries.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

it was best approached by some preliminary consideration of why they do go to church. But this is strictly forbidden, as being of a mystical and even fanatical character; so I hasten to confine myself to the careful consideration of why they don't, without a glance at the question of why they do. What strikes me most is the extreme feebleness of all the complaints against the feebleness of parsons. Perhaps the commonest explanation given is that the sermons are dull. Probably it is true that the ordinary sermon is dull. But the ordinary sermon blazes with wit compared with the ordinary newspaper article about the Failure of the Church. I cannot believe that the silliest curate, in his stupidest sermon, was ever quite so vague, so vapid, so invertebrate, so incapable, and even incurious, in discovering what he was talking about, as is the kind of layman who writes letters and articles in the papers about the problem of the empty churches. The layman is obviously void of the very vaguest notion of what he really wants the parson to do. It is not merely that he lives in England and knows nothing of the controversial content of the Anglo-Catholic position, or the theory of the New Theology, or the Nonconformist Conscience. Let us suppose that this is only like a man living in India and not understanding the metaphysics of Reincarnation or Nirvana. But this is like a man living in India and not knowing that there is any difference between a Moslem and a Hindoo. It is ignorance about the facts and fashions of daily life.

The mildness which belonged to the curate in the Bab Ballads has now passed to the layman in the big Sunday paper. "Your mind is not so blank as that of Hopley Porter," said the comforter of the curate in Gilbert's great poem. Certainly the curate may comfort himself in this controversy in a similar fashion. His mind is not so blank as that of "Disgusted Layman," or "Dissatisfied Business Man," who in the daily and weekly papers express their views—or rather, fail to express their complete lack of any views. Of them it can truly be said, in the exact words of the Bab Ballads, that their minds are a blank.

For the practical question, I think it is true that the ordinary Sunday sermon has become rather pointless and sterile. Personally, I should like preaching done by preaching friars; by people trained, and travelling for that particular purpose. But if the sermon has weakened, it is, I think, for the very contrary reason to that commonly alleged. The parson is not dull because he is always expounding theology, but because he has no theology to expound. This is quite as true of bad theology as of good; of things I utterly disbelieve as of anything I believe. The old Scotch Calvinistic sermons kept a very high intellectual average, and intensely interested the Scotch peasants who were trained under them. And this is not so much because theology is necessary to religion, as simply because logic is necessary to theology. Logic is at least a game, and the old Calvinistic preachers played the game. It was a fine, fantastic exercise in Lewis Carroll's game of logic, to take any text from the chronicles of Christianity and reconcile it with the creed of Calvin. It took some doing; and it was amusing to see it done. The Scotch peasants went eagerly every Sabbath to see a Presbyterian minister performing like an acrobat. But there was some real fun, because there was some real thinking. And there was some real thinking because there was some real theology.

But there is a yet more practical point. Theology is a science, true or false, and the point applies not only to any other theology, but to any other science. A science is a thing that can be taught to ordinary men; that can be taught by ordinary men. Those who say that religion is more akin to poetry may be right on a certain plane of perfection. But we cannot ask ten thousand country vicars to be all poets. But if there were a real school of theology, we could ask them to be all schoolmasters. Anything like a system can be learnt by any number of normal intelligent men, and can be taught in turn to any type of normal intelligent congregation. Those who say that religion is a sort of prophetic inspiration are asking all these ordinary men to be inspired prophets. But if religion could be practical instruction, there is no sort of reason why ordinary men should not practically instruct. And this is a practical truth applicable to any theoretic system. I have delicately hinted in these columns before now that I think Darwinism as dead as Calvinism. But Darwinism, like Calvinism, could be made intensely interesting to ordinary people, and even by ordinary people. It could be made interesting because it is a system; because it applies to everything, to our own dogs and cats and to the most distant flamingoes and flying fish. For the Darwinian system is at least picturesque and varied; and it is picturesque and varied because it is a system. If a man undertakes to explain everything, he must be ready to talk about anything. If he only undertakes to explain himself, he will probably talk about himself.

Now, all the broad-minded business about religion simply means that the parson is to talk about himself, because he is to have nothing better to talk about. He is to give us every Sunday his own hazy feelings about humanity, because he has no moral system to apply to particular human problems. These sentimentalists are always talking about religion learning from science. Here is a case where we

Now, the old notion of preaching was far more sensible, whether in the days of Puritan divines or of Franciscan and Dominican demagogues. The idea was that a man, having learnt something definite, had something definite to teach. He could give every week, not carefully timed outbursts of literary inspiration, but sections and sub-sections of an already existing moral science. Just as the popular scientist could talk one day about giraffes and another day about germs, so the popular priest could preach one day about infanticide and another day about usury. As one could take one tribe of animals at a time, the other could take one type of man at a time. The preacher has something positive to say about polygamy as the other has about polyps; a definition in the matter of hating Germans as the other has in the matter of resisting germs. The exposition of such a system would at least be a great deal more amusing than asking an average man to prove his large-mindedness merely by talking at large. But, anyhow, the critics do not know what they want; they do not even know that in some feeble fashion they want Protestantism to drift



A WELL-KNOWN WAR WORKER AND LEADER IN PHILANTHROPIC WORK TO MARRY SIR WILLIAM SUTHERLAND ON SATURDAY: MISS A. C. FOUNTAIN, C.B.E.

Miss Annie Christine Fountain, C.B.E., of Birthwaite Hall, near Barnsley, and daughter of the late Joseph Fountain, colliery proprietor, was decorated for her recruiting, hospital, and Red Cross work during the war. She has taken a leading part in local philanthropic work.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

into Pantheism. But, in my experience, the Pantheist is quite as likely to be a prig; and even more likely to be a bore. And if the result of criticism is to fill a thousand pulpits with bores, the critics will have themselves to thank; for they have nothing to express except their own boredom.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, AND TOPICAL.



A FAMOUS FIGHTING SOVEREIGN DEAD: KING PETER OF SERBIA.



REGENT SINCE 1914 AND NOW KING: PRINCE ALEXANDER.



THE LATE EX-PREMIER OF GREECE: M. RALLIS.



A FAMOUS AIR-CHIEF DEAD: LT.-GEN. SIR D. HENDERSON.



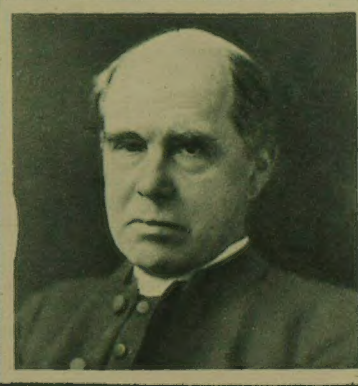
THE NEW SPANISH MINISTRY: (SEATED, L. TO R.) COUNT DE COELLO, HOME; SEÑOR LE CIERVA, WAR; SEÑOR MAURA, PRESIDENT; SEÑOR SILIO; SEÑOR MAESTRE. (STANDING) SEÑOR HONTORIA, FOREIGN; SEÑOR MATOS, LABOUR; MARQUESS DE CORTINA, NAVY; SEÑOR RODRIGUEZ.



VICTIM OF A TRAGEDY: DR. H. E. CUFF, P.M.O. OF THE M.A.B.



APPOINTED ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET: LORD MILFORD HAVEN.



CREATOR OF A CONTROVERSY: THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.



A PLUCKY CHANNEL SWIMMER: MRS. HAMILTON.

The late King Peter of Serbia, of whom we reproduce one of the best-known portraits, had an adventurous career. His health, which had been impaired in early life owing to the hardships he had suffered during the campaign of 1870, when he fought for France as a volunteer, gave way soon after the Second Balkan War, and on June 25, 1914, he practically retired, leaving the direction of affairs to his second son, Prince Alexander, who had been nominated to the throne in 1908.—Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., was Director-General of the League of Red Cross Societies, but he is better known as the former Director of Military Aeronautics, one of the great figures of the war, and the maker of the R.A.F. He first learnt to fly when over 50 years of age.—The new Spanish Cabinet is a coalition. If it can hold together it

will represent some 300 out of the 400 votes in the Chamber of Deputies. The Ministries of War and Marine are held by civilians, and the Minister of the Interior, Count de Coello de Portugal, is a General Staff Officer who has had no Parliamentary experience.—Dr. Cuff, Principal Medical Officer of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, was tragically drowned while attempting to rescue his two little daughters at the seaside, who had gone out of their depth. All three were drowned.—The Marquess of Milford Haven has been promoted, as a special case, to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet on the Retired List, in recognition of his exceptional services as First Sea Lord, both before and after the outbreak of the late war.—Mrs. Arthur Hamilton made a plucky attempt to swim the Channel from Cap Grisnez, but failed, having to abandon the attempt when only three miles off Deal.



# CELEBRATING THE RETURN OF BARANYA; A SAINT'S DAY; AND AN ANNIVERSARY: PICTURESQUE PAGEANTRY IN BUDAPEST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



GUARDED BY HUNGARIAN SOLDIERS IN A UNIFORM OF THE MIDDLE AGES: BISHOPS CARRYING THE EMBALMED HAND OF ST. STEPHEN IN A MAHOGANY CASE.



SHOWING THE MEDIEVAL HALBERTS CARRIED THROUGH BUDAPEST.



BY THE GUARDS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE THROUGH BUDAPEST.



CARRYING A BOARD SHOWING THE FORMER AND THE PRESENT SIZE OF HUNGARY: HUNGARIAN GIRLS DEMONSTRATING IN THE PROCESSION.



ESCORTED BY LIFE GUARDS IN ANTIQUATED TIN HELMETS: THE APOSTOLIC CARDINAL CZERNOCH, PRIMATE OF HUNGARY.



MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF DISTINGUISHED HORTHY, HEAD OF THE



PERSONAGES IN THE PROCESSION: THE REGENT HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT.



BRITISH SAILORS WHO FIRED A SALUTE AS THE PROCESSION PASSED: GUNNERS OF THE MONITOR "LADYBIRD," STATIONED IN THE DANUBE.

On August 20 the Hungarians celebrated, with picturesque ceremony in the streets of Budapest, three separate events: the restoration to them of Baranya from the Jugo-Slavs, by the Allies; the nine-hundredth anniversary of the coronation of the first King of Hungary; and St. Stephen's Day. The embalmed right hand of St. Stephen was carried through the streets in a great religious procession headed by the Regent Horthy and by the Apostolic Cardinal Csernoch, the Primate of Hungary. Considerable anxiety was felt previously as to the attitude of the Jugo-Slavs regarding the handing back of Baranya, and bloodshed was anticipated; but they yielded under the pressure of a strong

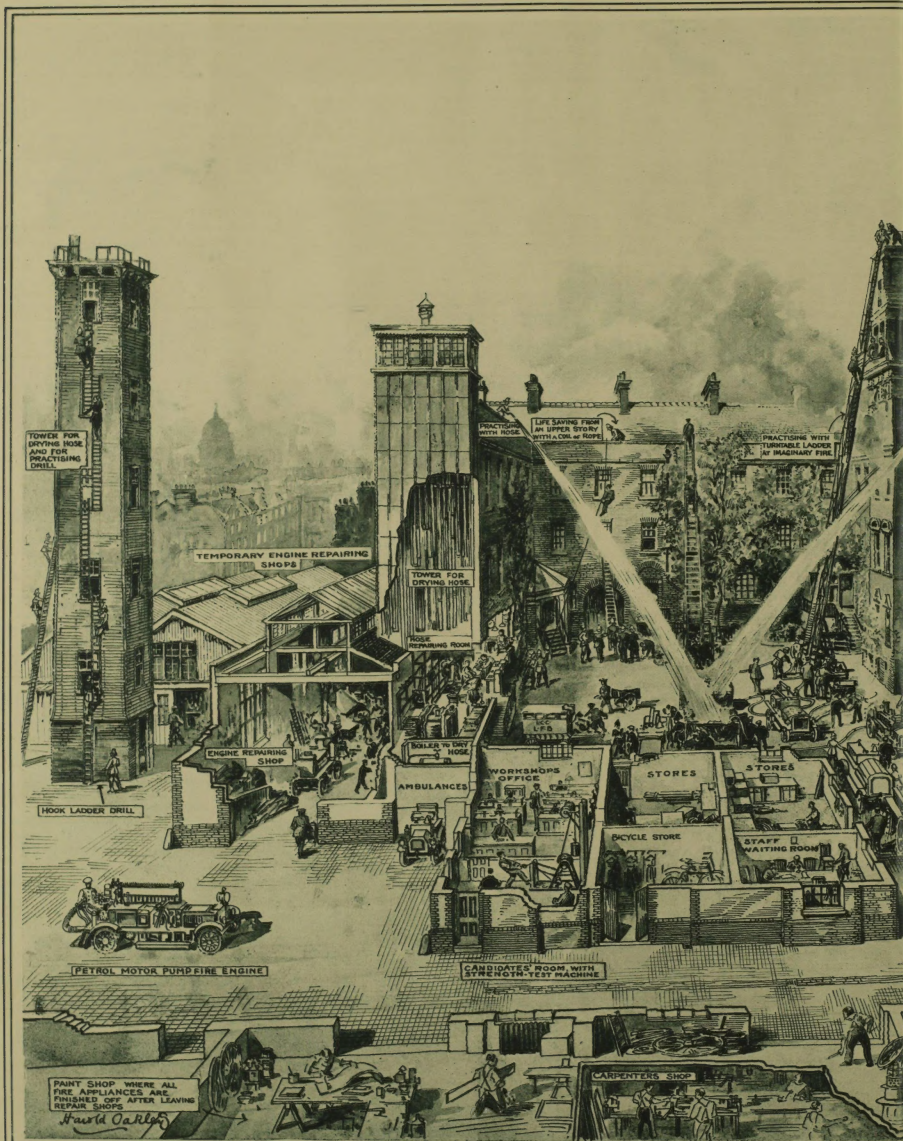
Note from the Entente. It will be recollected that the Trianon Treaty imposed on Hungary the obligation that "Hungary shall give to the Allied and Associated Powers an option for the annual delivery during the five years following the coming into force of the present Treaty of a quantity of steam coal from the Pecs mines." In order to ensure the fulfilment of this latter obligation, the Pecs mining district was handed over temporarily to the Jugo-Slav Government. It was arranged that this district should be restored to Hungary.



READY TO FIGHT A DEADLY ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES: THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ARTIST. HAROLD OAKLEY.



AN ORGANISATION OF SPLENDID EFFICIENCY: THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE'S HEADQUARTERS  
OF ITS EQUIPMENT, COMMUNICATIONS.

The London Fire Brigade is a force second none in courage and efficiency. It keeps unswerving vigil to protect us against a deadly and insidious foe, and is ready at any moment to answer the call. Londoners never hear the fire-bell sound, or see the splendidly equipped engine race through the traffic to the point of danger, without a thrill of pride. During the war the Brigade did heroic work in fighting the fires caused by air raids, and rescuing victims with hostile aircraft still attached. Witnesses to their promptitude and rapidity of action was given the other day when Sir Edward Smith's Challenge Cup, presented annually to the district brigade that wins the competition for the shortest average time of turning out, was awarded to the Knightsbridge station, whose time was 9.15th seconds, an improvement of 3.5ths of a second on last year's record. All the equipment of the Brigade has been brought up to date, and motor engines and escapes have replaced the old horse-drawn vehicles. There are 79 land fire-stations.

AT WINCHESTER HOUSE, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD—A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING  
AND METHODS OF TRAINING RECRUITS.

3 river stations, and 6 ambulance stations, the appliances include 75 motor fire-engines, 85 motor fire-escapes, 85 hose-carts, and 60 ladders of hose-pipe. Nearly 1000 fire-alarms are distributed over London. In one year (1918) the latest for which statistics are given this year's "Whitaker" the Brigade responded to 336 calls. The number of fires was 3453, of which 107 were "serious". The present Chief of the Brigade is Mr. A. R. Dyer, and the three principal officers are Major Cyril C. E. Morris, M.C., Commander H. Spencer, R.N., and Commander A. Firebrace, R.N. The Brigade's Headquarters are at Winchester House, Southwark Bridge Road. This building is the strategical centre from which all the other fire-stations of London are controlled. It is also a training ground for recruits, and a fire-station of its own district. Details of its organisation are fully shown on our illustration, where parts of the building are cut away diagrammatically to show the interior.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.)



# WARRING AGAINST THE KEMALISTS: WITH THE GREEKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MILLS.



CAPTURED FROM THE TURKS AT ESKI-SHEHIR: PART OF A CAMEL TRAIN IN THE HANDS OF THE GREEKS.



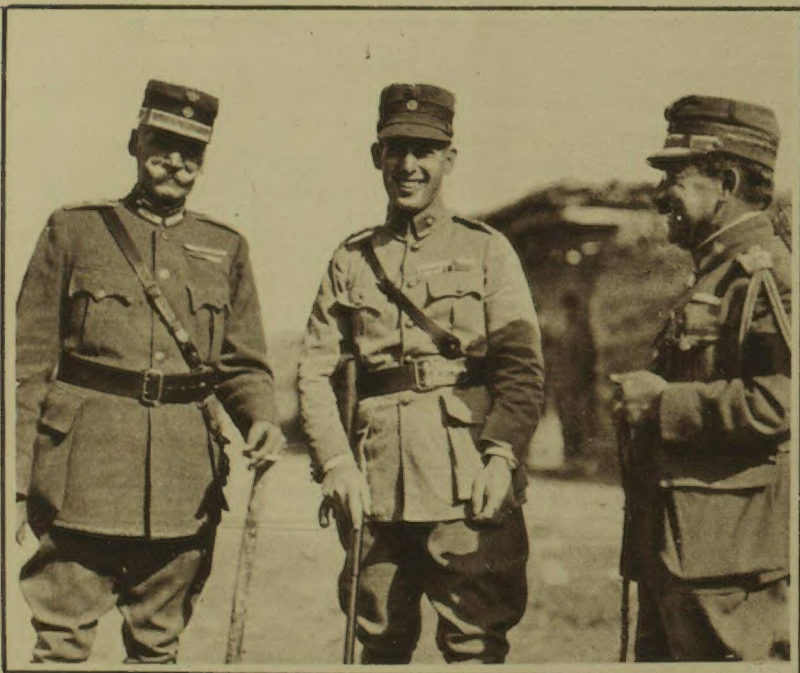
WITH A SMALL MULE TO LEAD THEM: A KEMALIST CAMEL TRAIN CAPTURED BY THE GREEKS AT KUTAHIA.



CAPTURED BY THE GREEKS AT THE BATTLE OF ESKI-SHEHIR: TYPES OF TURKISH PRISONERS WITHOUT UNIFORM OR PROPER EQUIPMENT.



NOT SORRY TO CEASE FIGHTING IN THEIR OWN CLOTHES, AND SOMETIMES WITHOUT SHOES: TURKISH PRISONERS OF A MOUNTAINEERING TYPE.



AT THE GREEK HEADQUARTERS AFTER THEIR CAPTURE OF ESKI-SHEHIR: C-IN-C. PAPOULOS; PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE; AND GENERAL STRATIGOS.

Methods of transport in Asia Minor to-day differ little from those in use at the battles of Thermopylae and Marathon, the immemorial camel, water-buffalo and ox furnishing a large part of the means of conveyance. The officer seen in the second photograph of captured camel convoys is Col. Martin Shallenberger, the American Military Observer with the Hellenic forces. Kemal's Turkish Army in Asia Minor, although largely composed of sturdy mountaineering peasants, is mostly without uniforms or proper military equipment, many of the soldiers wearing



RESTING AFTER CAPTURE AT THE BATTLE OF ESKI-SHEHIR: TURKISH PRISONERS IN A GREEK CAMP.

ragged homespun clothing or crude sheepskins, and being without boots or shoes. The correspondent who sends us the above photographs says that, when captured, the Turks seem only too pleased to be able to get out of the fighting. Since these photographs were despatched, the Greeks have made another big advance, and are rapidly approaching Angora. The Turks, after offering a weak resistance, are retreating rapidly, destroying the bridges and railroad on the way. The Greeks are aiming at Constantinople; but this would meet with the strong disapproval of the Allies.



## OUR ROYAL SPORTSMAN: THE PRINCE AS A GENTLEMAN JOCKEY.

PHOTOGRAPHED, BY ROYAL COMMAND, BY W. A. ROUGH.



THE Prince of Wales seems destined to become the most famous of royal horsemen. Last week he scored several goals in a polo match in which his brother Prince Henry was playing on the opposite side, and he has been playing throughout the season whenever his official duties permit, consistently improving his form. As yet he is little more than a novice, but he shows every sign of developing into a crack player. As a rider to hounds and a gentleman jockey in steeplechases, he is a first-rate performer. It will be remembered that it was on his horse Pet Dog, shown above, that he won his first steeplechase over a regular course under National Hunt Rules, at the Guards' Meeting at Hawthorn Hill on April 1. He won his first race on March 16, at the Pytchley Hunt Point-to-Points over a gruelling course of three miles of stiff

country in a field of fourteen; and in his first Point-to-Point race at Warden Hill on March 4 he finished third in the Grenadier Guards Race, after a fall. He also did some riding whilst on his Australian tour. It is probable that he will get a good deal of riding whilst he is in India this winter; and it is believed that when he returns to this country in the spring of next year he will set about forming a small racing stud of his own to be trained at Newmarket. When, some time ago, he registered his colours under the Jockey Club rules, it was taken as a preliminary step towards the establishment of a racing stable. The Prince's racing colours are practically the reverse of the King's, being officially described as "scarlet, purple sleeves." He may take over some of the young horses at Sandringham; but the King is not handing over his stable.

## ON HIS FAVOURITE 'CHASER, PET DOG: THE PRINCE OF WALES "UP."

The above photograph of the Prince of Wales as a gentleman jockey is exclusively reproduced in "The Illustrated London News." It shows his Royal Highness mounted on his favourite steeplechaser, Pet Dog, on which he won the Welsh

Guards' Challenge Cup at Hawthorn Hill last April. It was the first occasion on which an Heir to the British Throne had ridden in and won a steeplechase. It is believed that H.R.H. will establish a racing stud of his own next season.



# The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

TO the two great reformers of scenic stagecraft, Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt, a third has now acceded, and his invention—or, as you will see, I should rather say his discovery—is bound to create a revolution unparalleled in the history of the theatre. That is to say, if it realises all that its creator predicts for it, fortified by

parks, landscapes, palaces, forums—in fine, the whole “bag of tricks”—is a large backcloth of “shirting” (coarse linen) and side-cloths, with incisions for necessary apertures and exits. The picture to be projected is made of paper and gauze, in exact proportion to the cloth, and is then inserted into the lamp, with which is connected a prismatic colour-board, so that every tint can be produced by rotation. The first experiment was made with Mozart’s “Magic Flute,” and, according to my authority, “there was obtained an intimate harmony between action, music, style, and *Stimmung* of the work so complete that all doubt as to the practical application was entirely dispelled.”

The great advantage of “Hasait,” as it will probably be called in future, is therefore economy. Henceforth, travelling companies especially will no longer be cumbered by cart-loads of scenery; the question of transport will not matter; nor will it be impossible to produce “on tour” such ambitious works as, for instance, Romain Rolland’s “Danton” (a play well worth the attention of our McKinnels, Bouchiers, and Langs), with its score of changes. The lamp and the “shadow-picture” will conjure up all the aspects of the Revolution period by a mere turn of the handle.

But in another respect “Hasait” will be greeted by manager and playgoer alike as a “boon and a blessing.” It is the death-knell of the entr’acte (to say nothing of the scene-shifter and his acolytes). A black-out, the insertion of a fresh picture, the adjustment of the colour-disc, takes but a minute, and, hey presto! the hovel becomes a palace, the meadow a marketplace, the sea-shore a Swiss landscape, with snow-capped mountains and blue lagoons.

I asked my informant whether in a room, for instance, with real furniture, there would not be a marked difference between the things solid and the would-be concreteness of the scenery. And his answer was: “Don’t you remember the Chinese shadow theatre of your childhood? Don’t you remember those wonderful palaces and places which you used to evolve on a film with little cardboard fragments?” And, indeed, suddenly I remembered that in the seventies every good little boy in Holland had his “Chineesche Schimmen” (Chinese wraiths or transparencies), which, it is said, were the theatre of the Chinese umpteen years B.C., and which filled our mind with wonderment, and in some of us—in me, for one—kindled that interest which, with the years going on, grew into the love of a life-time.

So once again the axiom of Nathan the Wise

which we paraphrase as “nothing new under the sun” holds its own; but for all that, whether “Hasait” be a spontaneous inspiration or merely the application of an ancient formula in a new guise, it is destined—if, I say again, it will answer all its claims after the first trial—to impress its influence on the development of the theatre. Here, then, is a great opportunity to our Stage Society, ever in quest of the novel and the unconventional, to demonstrate the value of the new discovery. When next they select a play of ambitious dimensions, let them write to the Director of the Dresden State Opera and ask him for information, which is willingly given to the artistic world at large; and then, if all goes well, they will deserve the thanks of the community for removing at one fell swoop one of the obstacles which mar the progress of our theatre in general and of our dramatic pioneers in particular.

Charles Sugden, who died the other day, was not only an actor of some repute, but enjoyed even greater fame in the arena of the circus than on the stage. As an amateur ring-master he was popular in the entourage of the great men of the Turf, and he swung the whip as to the manner born. Still, it was a little pathetic when, some two years ago, he was professionally attached to the Circus at Olympia, and, uniformed in blue, he performed the ceremonies of an introducer of riders and horses. For some reason or other he had turned his back on the stage, or the stage on him.

Yet, in his time—from the ‘eighties and the ‘nineties—he had a certain vogue due to his personality and, very likely, to his strange elopement



AT WORK ON THE DEATH-MASK OF CARUSO: THE ITALIAN SCULPTOR, CIFARIELLO, GIVING FINISHING TOUCHES.

Photograph by Paritio, Naples.

experiments which have been highly successful and heralding great possibilities.

Hasait—that is the name of the system, after its discoverer—was first practically applied to the State Theatre of Dresden. Its origin is as quaint as it is significant of the resourcefulness of the human mind under economic difficulties. In Germany, as elsewhere, the theatre has gone through war-crises. Salaries and wages have risen beyond the dreams of pre-war minds, and the cost of scenery has become—as in England—a matter of such concern that it forms a serious item in the budget of the playhouses, now no longer spoon-fed by kings and princelings and wealthy municipalities. Indeed, as a leading observer of the German stage put it tersely: “For a long time our art of the theatre was languishing for a saviour who would harmonise art and economy, lest enterprise should succumb to expenditure.” In other words, if the technical side of the stage were not simplified, unendowed theatres would have the greatest difficulty in carrying on.

There was therefore need for what the Germans during the war discovered and invented for all sorts and conditions of things—“Ersatz.” And Hasait, whose scientific equipment appears to be equal to his imagination, suddenly bethought himself that, with the aid of nature’s powers, he could dispense with the painter, the carpenter, and the scene-shifter. These powers were light and colour. We all remember the magic lantern of our childhood. Well, to a certain extent, the magic lantern will replace concrete scenery, do away with all the paraphernalia of the stage except furniture and “props.” Of course, I do not intend to enter into the technical niceties of the scheme, for I have not seen the system at work, but from well-informed sources I gather that it is simplicity itself. All that is needed to create rooms,



THE VOICE THAT IS STILL: CARUSO'S MOTHER LISTENING TO A GRAMOPHONE RECORD MADE BY HER SON.

Photograph by Paritio, Naples.

with a titled lady: a rare event, and one considered as an act of prowess in those more conventional days. As an actor he held a place of his own in drawing-room melodrama and Society plays in which there was always a cool-as-a-cucumber man of the world, dressed to a fault, with independent manners, of great assurance and somewhat horsey to boot. His acting was so remarkable and so distinct that a “Sugden part” became a significant word in the world of the theatre.



## THE EVOLUTION OF THE NAVY: MODEL SHIPS AT KENSINGTON.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND THE COURTESY OF THE AUTHORITIES OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, AND MR. R. MORTON NANCE.



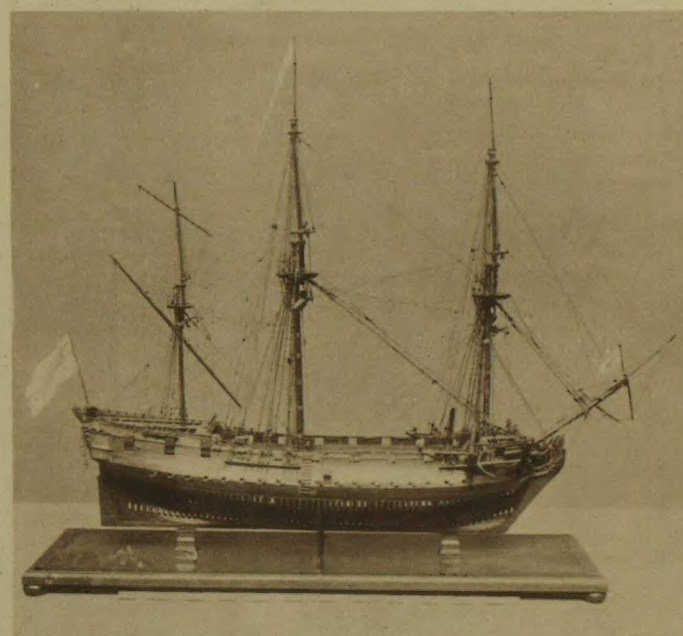
SHOWING THE CASTLES FOR THE USE OF THE FIGHTING MEN:  
A RIGGED MODEL OF A KING'S SHIP (11TH-13TH CENTURIES).



CARRYING FOUR MASTS AND SHOWING THE HOUSING-IN OF THE TOPSIDES:  
AN ELIZABETHAN MAN-OF-WAR (1580-1600).



BELIEVED TO REPRESENT H.M.S. "ROYAL CHARLES," A 100-GUN SHIP BUILT  
AT PORTSMOUTH: AN ENGLISH BATTLE-SHIP OF THE 17TH CENTURY.



BUILT TO CARRY 24 9-POUNDER GUNS AND A SHIP'S COMPLEMENT  
OF 160 MEN: A FRIGATE OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

Realising that the educational value of the great national collections is quite understood by the serious student, but that hitherto there has been very little done to bring that value to the attention of the general public, Sir Frederick Kenyon has suggested that there should be at the British Museum two sets of rooms, in one of which should be arranged in an attractive manner representative collections likely to appeal to the general public, whilst in the other the rest of the collection should be available to experts. Such a scheme would not be necessary at the Science Museum at South Kensington, where, owing to the

popular manner in which the exhibits are displayed, including a large number of fascinating working models, many spend happy and profitable hours. The photographs on this page and the two following pages are of models in the Museum which illustrate the evolution of the British Navy. The collection of models of ships and marine machinery was first formed in 1864, when the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering was established at South Kensington. It has been increased year by year, partly by purchases and by models made to order, but principally by donations and loans.

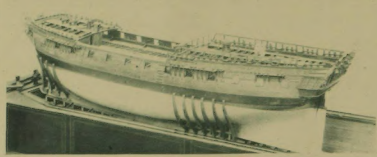


## NAVAL HISTORY TOLD BY MODELS: FASCINATING

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND THE

## EXHIBITS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

COURTESY OF THE AUTHORITIES AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



A MODEL OF A 32-GUN FRIGATE ON THE SLIPS FOR LAUNCHING:  
H.M.S. "CLEOPATRA," BUILT AT BRISTOL IN 1779.

THE "Cleopatra" was captured near the West Indies on February 17, 1805, by the French 40-gun frigate "Ville de Milan," but was retaken, with her captor, by the British 50-gun frigate "Leander" six days afterwards. The ship's complement was 222 men, and, at the date of this action, her armament probably consisted of 26 long 18-pounders on the main deck; 2 long 9-pounders, together with 10 24-pounders (carronades) on the quarter and forecaste decks. The "Ajax" took part in the Battle of Trafalgar, 1805, and was accidentally burnt near the Dardanelles two years later, when forming one of Sir J. Duckworth's squadron for forcing that channel.



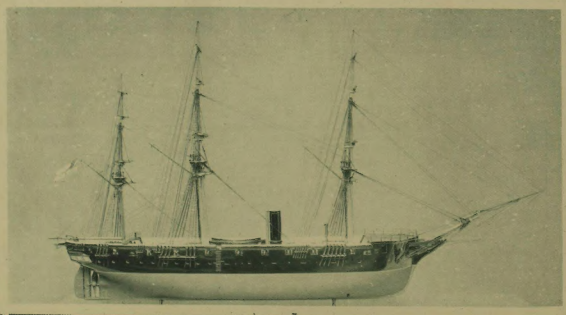
A MAN-OF-WAR OF THE THIRD RATE: A RIGGED MODEL  
OF A 64-GUN SHIP, 1780-90.



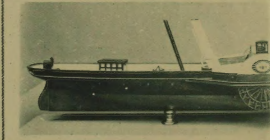
A SAILING FRIGATE COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT (THE NOVELIST):  
H.M.S. "ARIADNE," BUILT AT PORTSMOUTH, 1816.



ONE OF A NEW CLASS OF WAR-BRIGS DESIGNED BY SIR WILLIAM  
SYMONDS: H.M.S. "FANTOME," LAUNCHED AT CHATHAM, 1839.



ONE OF THE FIRST WAR-SHIPS FITTED WITH A LIFTING SCREW: THE SHIP-RIGGED WOODEN CORVETTE  
H.M.S. "HIGHLANDER," BUILT AT BLACKWALL, 1850.

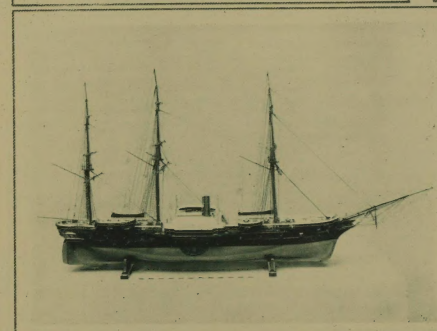


CONVERTED IN 1885 INTO THE ADMIRALTY YACHT  
PADDLE-STEAMER BUILT

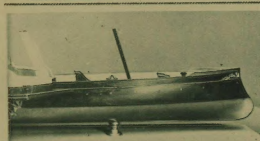
THE "Warrior" was the first iron-built and armoured sea-going war-ship. She was constructed at Blackwall in 1859-61 by the Thames Ironworks and Shipbuilding Company, from designs prepared by Mr. Isaac Watts, C.B., in conjunction with Mr. J. Scott Russell, F.R.S. A sister vessel, H.M.S. "Black Prince," was built at Cowes in 1860-2. These vessels may be said to have opened the modern era of shipbuilding for war. Whereas the typical war-vessels of 1850-60 were unarmoured, wooden-built structures, liable to easy penetration by



CARRYING 18 6-POUNDER GUNS AND 125 MEN: A SHIP-RIGGED  
SLOOP-OF-WAR OF ABOUT 1780.

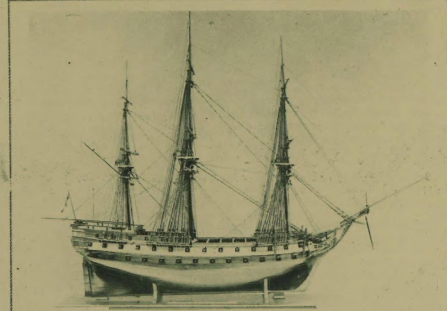


TYPICAL OF THE WAR-STEAMERS BUILT BEFORE THE ADOPTION  
OF SCREW-PROPELLION: A STEAM PADDLE FRIGATE OF 1840.

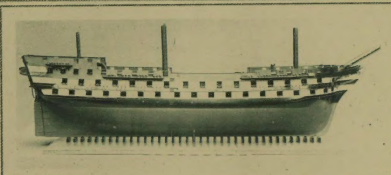


"ENCHANTRESS": H.M.S. "HELICON," A WOODEN  
AT PORTSMOUTH, 1861-65.

shot, and to destruction by shell-fire, these new vessels were practically proof against shot and shell fire from the most powerful guns then in use. Their advent was largely the outcome of the success in action in 1855 of small armoured barges or batteaux, and to the development by the French Government of an armoured type of seagoing wooden-built frigate. Although the most formidable units afloat, these British iron-built frigates had their main armament on a single deck, thus differing from contemporary first-rates.

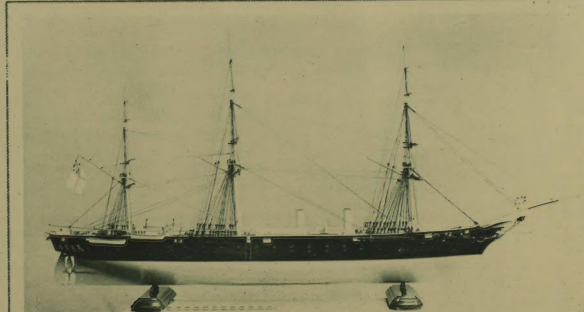


A 74-GUN LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP WHICH TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR:  
H.M.S. "AJAX," LAUNCHED AT ROTHERHITHE IN 1796.



A 90-GUN SAILING-SHIP WHICH FOUGHT AT SEBASTOPOL AND WAS LATER  
CONVERTED INTO A SCREW-SHIP: H.M.S. "ALBION."

THE brig-rigged sloop-of-war "Fantôme" was designed by Sir William Symonds, who gave her the finer lines and steeper floors then introduced into the under-water form of British war-vessels. At about the same time, thirteen similar war-brigs were also constructed. The model of a steam frigate is typical of the larger war-steamer built about 1840 for British and foreign navies. Her armament of 32 guns, probably 68-pounders, is carried on two decks, and includes two more powerful guns, on slides and traversing carriages, one at each end of the vessel on the upper deck. The "Albion" took part in the bombardment of Sebastopol, where she suffered very severely. In 1861 she was converted into a screw ship.



THE FIRST IRON-BUILT AND ARMOURD SEA-GOING WAR-SHIP: H.M.S. "WARRIOR,"  
BUILT AT BLACKWALL, 1859-61.

The photographs reproduced above, with those on the preceding page of this issue, serve to show the exceedingly interesting manner in which the evolution of the British Navy is demonstrated, with models made to scale with the greatest accuracy, in the Naval and Marine Engineering Collection in the Science Museum at South Kensington. The Museum "headache" is an unknown quantity in the Science Museum, which has always been a favourite haunt, not only for the Londoner, but for the foreign visitor and the country cousin. The collection includes models of war and mercantile vessels, life-saving appliances, marine engines and boilers, steering apparatus, aerial navigation, and

many other marvels of mechanical science, of many of which there are working models where, by touching a button or turning a handle, one is able to indulge in the infantile joy of "watching the wheels go round." Many of the models of famous war-ships of the British Navy illustrated on this page were actually made under the supervision of well-known naval architects themselves. In other cases they have been made to the order of the Museum authorities from authentic paintings, prints, and descriptions of the period. All of them are interesting; many, unique.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

SOME passages in a book of a now rather distant day link themselves with curious significance to a Book of the Day, and it is just possible

that the relation is one of cause and effect. For the older book foreshadowed an idea that seized the popular imagination and, gaining strength through a long series of years, became at last a national desire, to the fulfilment of which and its results, negative and positive, the later book owes its existence. The idea was not actually conceived by the late G. W. Stevens, but he spread it broadcast when, in 1898, he wrote for the *Daily Mail* his electrical "Sirdar" Despatch, republished as Chapter VI. of "With Kitchener to Khartoum" (Blackwood). In that vividly candid literary portrait (a forerunner of a prevailing fashion) Stevens remarked—

There are some who nurse a desperate hope that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of the War Office. He would be a splendid manager of anything.

When Stevens wrote, Omdurman was still several months ahead, but Kitchener's sixteen completed years of toil for the reconquest of the Soudan left no doubt as to the issue—

He has climbed too high not to take every precaution against a fall. But he will not fall—just yet at any rate. So far as Egypt is concerned, he is the man of destiny. . . . For Anglo-Egypt he is the Mahdi, the expected.

To these words, and the circumstances of their earliest publication, Time has lent a strange irony. One hesitates to use the invidious word "Legend" in this connection, but in its best sense a Kitchener Legend there was. Stead and Stevens gave it wings. The hope of seeing K. of K. "a splendid manager of the War Office" grew, and with it the conviction that he would be "a splendid manager of anything"—in fact, the man of destiny. The limiting clause "as far as Egypt is concerned" was overlooked, and many believed him the man of destiny for the Empire. And that, in great measure, he became. But when he reached the War Office, under pressure from the very organ of opinion that had popularised the idea of his supreme fitness, his task at Whitehall had passed far beyond that of a peace-time reformer. The hour called not only for a mere "splendid manager," but also for a Superman of Destiny. Some believed that "both had arrived together.

Had the task passed beyond his powers? That question has been added to the long and vexed record of military controversy by Lord Esher's essay, "THE TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER" (John Murray; 10s. 6d.), a work not in its purpose controversial, yet certain to make men take sides. Among literary portraits it stands apart, just as its author stands apart from the friend of whom he writes. It seems like a book written by someone of a future generation, after study of

long-hoarded private documents. Our appreciation of its justice is handicapped by the inevitably painful impression left by present

publication. Not that there is a single disloyal or harshly critical word: Lord Kitchener is never belittled; he is even exalted, by force of emphasised adversity. Had the author thrown his tragedy into the form of fiction, he would have written the great novel of the war, and might have placed his hero with "Prometheus Bound"; but taking a man so lately with us

so entirely sufficient for Egypt, "he was un-Europeanised and difficult of comprehension to the average official mind." He had been so long accustomed to act alone, that in Council he was either silent or incoherently voluble. His colleagues in the Cabinet did not understand him, nor he them. He was slow to decide; forced by circumstances into dissensions with former friends—in a word, out of his element, a Titan ageing and in chains. Yet, even so, he raised and equipped his new armies, without which victory would have been impossible; he toiled early and late, conscious of isolation and even of dislike, but silent and faithful. In the King's friendship he found constant support, and he knew that the people were with him, when mouths that once praised were now loud in blame. Accused of "Oriental methods," he said quite humbly, "Yes, I suppose it is so; but I am an old man and I cannot change my habits—it is too late."

But although he was no longer the K. of K. of the Atbara, he is not represented as a failure. Lord Esher acknowledges him as the organiser of victory and still a great potentiality, only baulked of its utmost reach by circumstances.

If the conduct of the war had been placed in his hands, if he had had from the first the help of a trained General Staff Officer of anything like the calibre of Sir Douglas Haig, he might have rivalled his own successes in the Soudan and South Africa; he would have measured and compared the dangers in East and West; and he might have altered the course of the War and ended it in 1916.

"He was caught in a net of convention, and from it he was never able to break away."

Has not the earlier conception of Lord K. as the predestined cleanser of Whitehall Augean stables something to answer for? In 1914 it had grown too narrow, but its survival out of due season drifted him to the War Office and its trammels at the moment when a free hand and the widest scope might have enabled him to accomplish all that the masses believed lay in Kitchener's power alone. If the masses were right, the tragedy is heightened; if they were deluded by a catchword, there is still a tragedy, but of a different order. Lord Esher's profoundly interesting thesis leaves the answer doubtful. Necessarily so.

Two personal side-lights on Lord Kitchener in the early and late Nile campaigns occur in another new book, "FIVE DECADES OF ADVENTURE" (2 vols.; Hutchinson; 24s.), by the famous war correspondent Mr. Frederic Villiers, who has seen all the important fighting of the last half-century. At Korti he met Captain Kitchener "looking resentful" because Lord Wolseley, requiring him elsewhere, would not let him go forward with the Gordon relief force. The other reference describes the extraordinary change wrought in Kitchener's appearance by the brief Omdurman campaign. Mr. Villiers noted "a new power, a new spirit." Mr.

Villiers's reminiscences of great wars, warriors, and civilians carry the reader round the world in the course of an entertainment without a dull moment.



REVEALED BY WAR-TIME GUN-FIRE, IN KENT: A TWELFTH-CENTURY LEAD FONT.

A discovery of antiquarian interest has been made in the church of St. Margaret, Lower Halstow, near Sittingbourne. During the war the concussion from anti-aircraft guns cracked the plaster round the basin of the font. This was removed, and underneath was found a leaden font, in splendid preservation, believed to have been introduced from the Continent in the twelfth century. The figures on the font represent a king with a crown and sceptre, and an angel.—[Photograph by General Photographic Agency.]

as the vehicle of the tragic thesis, he risks grave misunderstanding by his contemporaries. For the thesis will not escape question.



PLAYERS IN THE BRITISH CHESS FEDERATION CHAMPIONSHIP: THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT AT MALVERN.

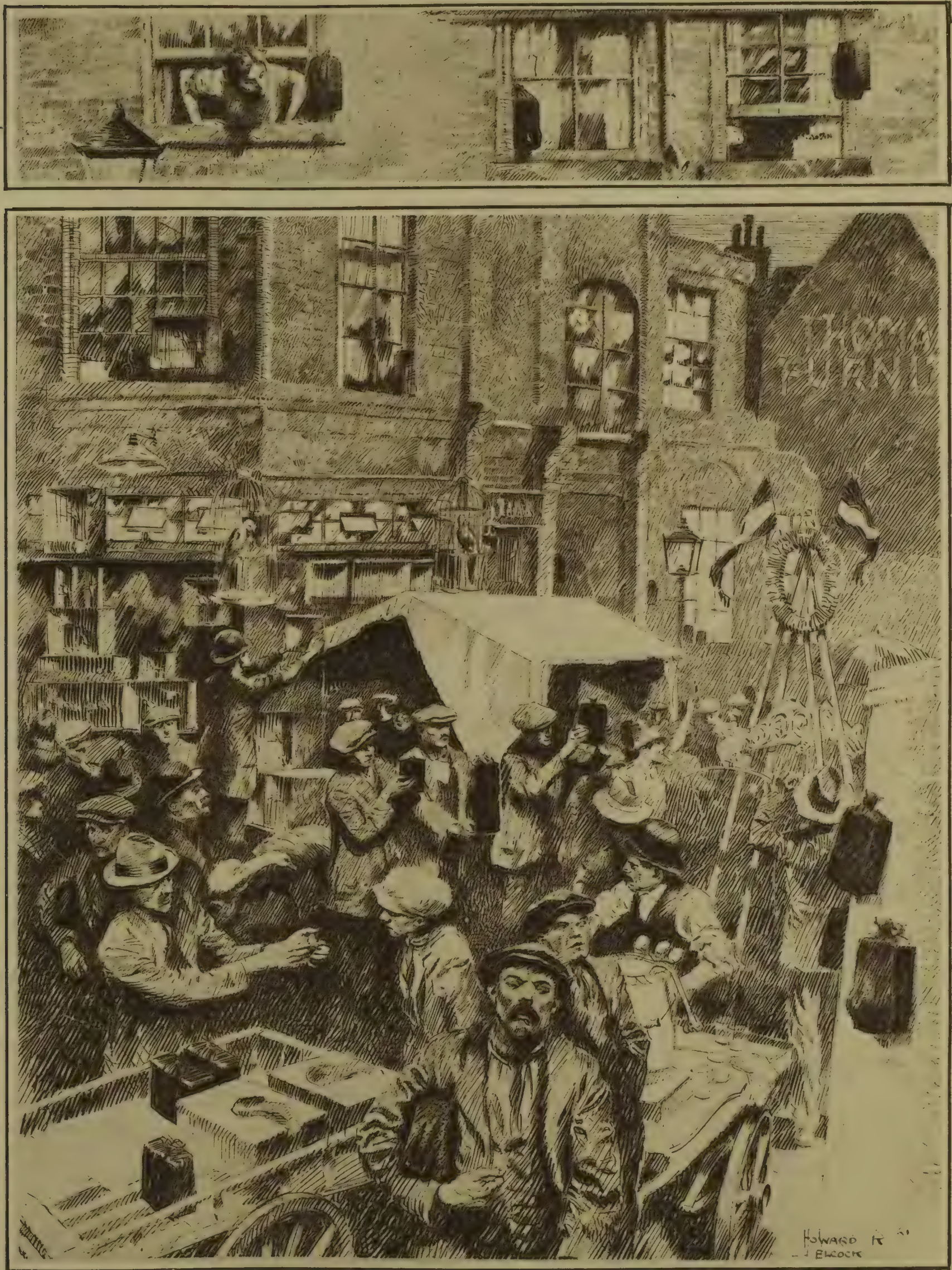
The photograph shows the players for the British Championship. From left to right (standing): Saunders, Wainwright, O'Hanlon, Stephenson, Sieghelm, and Sergeant; (sitting) Sir George Thomas, Jacobs, Yates, Scott, Michell, and Price.—[Photograph by Topical.]

Briefly, the "Tragedy," as seen by Lord Esher, is that when Lord Kitchener came to the War Office, age had told upon him, and by his training,



## WILD BIRDS DOOMED TO DARKNESS FOR LIFE: EAST LONDON CRUELTY.

DRAWN BY H. K. ELCOCK.



IMPRISONED FOR LIFE IN CAGES ABOUT 10 IN. BY 4 IN., ENCLOSED IN BLACK CLOTH WHICH SHUTS OUT EVERY RAY OF LIGHT: BIRDS KEPT IN PERPETUAL DARKNESS THAT THEY MAY SING THE BETTER.

The cruelty of men who trap wild singing birds is continued in a worse degree after captivity by certain of those who buy the songsters from the fanciers in such places as Club Row Market, Sclater Street, Bethnal Green. After it has been sold, the bird is immediately placed in a cage about 10 inches by 4, which is enclosed in a piece of black cloth, which excludes every ray of light and almost every breath of fresh air. The result is that the poor bird loses all desire to regain its liberty, as manifested by the fact that it dashes its little body against the bars of the cage when it is exposed to light and sunshine. According to the "Star," which has been publishing some excellent articles on the subject, it

rarely lives more than two years in this form of captivity. In his behaviour towards a bird, the owner is generally exemplary in other ways. He pays scrupulous attention to its food and water and the cleanliness of the cage. But the regrettable paradox is that the song of the immured bird increases in volume and purity of notes in consequence of its consignment to darkness. The birds are in great demand among working men. Their market value is from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. In Club Row and the adjacent streets the cages, wrapped in cloth, can be seen hanging outside the open windows.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## DAIL EIREANN IN SESSION: MR. DE VALERA SPEAKING IN THE DUBLIN MANSION HOUSE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



IN THE FAMOUS ROUND ROOM: MR. DE VALERA (ON LEFT, STANDING) READING HIS SPEECH—ON DAIS (LEFT) THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN, MR. J. O'KELLY;  
IN THE CHAIR, MR. JOHN McNEILL; NEXT, MR. DESMOND FITZGERALD AND MR. FRANK P. WALSH.

The arrangements of the interior of the Round Room of the Dublin Mansion House for the opening of the historic meetings of Dail Eireann to discuss the British peace proposals were similar to those adopted for the first public meeting of the Dail in January 1919. The Speaker's chair was on a dais, with a green baize cover in front of it. On the floor, immediately below the Speaker, was the Clerk's table, and beyond it, on the right and left, some armchairs and settees, and three rows of leather-upholstered benches on the other side of a gangway. Mr. De Valera and his Ministers sat on the right-hand side of the house (the left-hand

side to the reader in the photograph above), and the chairs on the other side were empty. There is, at the moment, no Opposition in Dail Eireann. With the exception of some pictures which have been transferred to the Mansion House from the City Hall, there was no attempt to decorate the hall for the session. The armorial bearings of past Lord Mayors of Dublin hung on the walls at the back of the gallery, and above a canopy behind the Speaker's chair were the arms of Alderman O'Neill, the present holder of the civic office.



## IN THE THIRD YEAR OF THE PEACE: REBUILDING

PHOTOGRAPHS 6, 8, 10, AND 12 LV

## TO THE GLORY OF BELGIUM AND THE ALLIES.

ANTONY. (SEE ARTICLE ON NEXT PAGE.)



WHERE THE KAISER SHELTERED FROM BOMBERS THAT NEVER CAME:  
THE GARDEN ENTRANCE TO THE IMPERIAL DUG-OUT NEAR SPA.



WITH STONES HEAPED TOGETHER FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION: RUINS OF THE  
CATHEDRAL AND THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES.



THE LEVELLED BATTLEFIELD OF YPRES, ALMOST READY FOR TILLING: IN THE "TANK CEMETERY."



BEING RECONSTRUCTED AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, TO THE GLORY OF BELGIUM AND THE ALLIES:  
YPRES AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH NEW BUILDINGS AND NISSEN HUTS



WITH BLOCKS OF THE OLD STONES COLLECTED FOR THE REBUILDING:  
AN ALTAR OF YPRES CATHEDRAL.



AT ZEEBRUGGE—TO BE BOTH SEASIDE RESORT  
AND PORT: A DUTCH SAILING SHIP.



YPRES UNDER RECONSTRUCTION: A PANORAMA  
SPRINGING UP IN



SAID TO HAVE FIRED THE LAST SHOT OF THE GREAT WAR:  
A BRITISH GUN AS A TROPHY, AT MONS.



WITH A LIGHT RAILWAY FOR THE COLLECTION  
OF THE OLD STONES: IN THE RUINS OF YPRES.



SHOWING THE RUINS WITH NEW BUILDINGS  
THEIR MIDST.



WHERE 166 CIVILIANS OF DINANT WERE MASSACRED BY THE SAXONS:  
A HISTORIC WALL AT DINANT.



NEW BUILDINGS AMONG THE RUINS: DWELLINGS SET UP AT YPRES—RUINS IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DEVASTATED AREAS: COTTAGES TYPICAL OF THE MANY  
BEING ERRECTED AMONG THE RUINS OF YPRES.



LIFE DURING RECONSTRUCTION: TEMPORARY DWELLINGS IN THE DEVASTATED AREA  
OF DINANT.

As is noted in our article, the Belgians do not agree that any of the ruins in their country should be left as they are. The best memorial to the glorious dead, they argue, is to rebuild as speedily as possible, to wipe out for ever the mark of the beast. Hence the fever of reconstruction everywhere in the devastated regions, and in those parts of the country less sorely damaged. Along the Menin Road and at Ypres, for example, the temporary dwellings—Nissen huts, old Army huts of other forms, and little wooden shanties—are being replaced as quickly as may be by substantial brick cottages, which owe their existence to Government and to private enterprise. The

same thing applies to historic structures such as the Cloth Hall of Ypres and the Cathedral. Both of these are to be rebuilt—the Cathedral first—and already the old stones are being gathered together, so that they may be used for the new fabrics. At present, the work has not gone beyond surveying, for safety, and propping up such parts of the structures as still stand; but the reconstruction will not be delayed longer than is necessary. The Belgian is determined that his country shall recover in record time, and, if he is not too troubled by labour conditions, there is no doubt he will attain his desire.



## Belgium Curing Her Wounds: An Impression.

THERE is in Ypres a board among the ruins. Upon it are the words: "Notice. This is Holy Ground. No stone of this fabric may be taken away. It is a heritage for all civilised peoples. By Order. Town Major. Ypres."

The Belgians of Ypres do not agree with this, and their fellows are in sympathy. They know only too well the valour that spent itself on the Salient and about it; that the countryside is sown with graveyards, where colonel and private, named and unnamed, sleep side by side under the little crosses; that, as Cardinal Mercier had it, the dead cannot be counted, the destruction cannot be measured; but, they argue, the best memorial to those who fought and died, to the fathers and the brothers who fell on the field of honour, is to rebuild and to build better, to wipe out the Mark of the Beast.

Thus it is that they are bent on speedy reconstruction. Already, in those places that were only lapped by the waves of war, it is almost impossible to see the signs of suffering past: here there may be a house with the breaches still in its walls; there the spattered marks of bullets; here patches of fresh paint and scarce-dry plaster, bandages on wounds, but that is all.

Along the shattered Menin Road and in flattened Ypres itself, for example, building is proceeding apace. Some of it is coping with the replacement of dwellings destroyed during the fighting; providing cottages to succeed army huts and Nissens, and little homes of a strange, war-born toy-land. But there is other work doing.

The battlefield of Ypres has been cleared. Trenches no longer cut the scarred ground; the gaping shell-holes have been filled up. Nothing remains to mark the fighting zone, the dreaded No Man's Land, but a derelict tank or two, gaunt against the light, and stacks of debris, tangled barbed wire, dirty "duds," rusted bombs—over all a sprinkling of marguerites and of cornflowers—and, in the distance, the stark trunks of blasted trees, stripped of leaf and branch and bark by the whirlwinds of fire of how long ago! Soon it will be ready for the tilling, and where death was will be life. Even there is an "Architecte des Jardins" at Ypres.

In and about the city itself, Government enterprise and private are responsible for many cottages, and many more are to come—white-walled, green-shuttered, and red-roofed. At the end of June 718 buildings had been reconstructed or were well on the way to completion. And there has been a gathering together of the stones of the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral, that both buildings may be reconstructed—the Cathedral first and then the Halles—to bear silent yet eloquent witness to the Belgians' powers of recuperation and determination to rise superior to their losses.

It is the same everywhere.

In Dinant you will see, inscribed on a tablet, above a wall: "Passant arrête-toi et salue! 166 Dinantais sont morts contre ce mur le soir du 23 Août 1914, lâchement massacrés par les hordes Saxonnnes" ("Passer-by, pause and salute. 166 people of Dinant died against this wall on the evening of August 23, 1914, basely massacred by the Saxon hordes"). That will remain to remind those who are to come. For the rest, rebuilding must and will go on.

At Ostend, there is but the slightest sign of the greatest of all wars; but along the coast, amidst the sand and the grass, are the dug-outs of the Boche and his guns, grim reminders.

At Zeebrugge, the block-ships are still to be seen, but they have been



shifted to allow the traffic of big ships. The Mole is a show place; there is a fine big hotel, and there is the hope that, if local enterprise succeeds, Zeebrugge will become a regulation seaside resort, complete with first-rate sands and bathing—a rival to Blankenberghe, Knocke, and the rest. There is a café, and there are souvenirs within a stone's-throw of the historic landing from the *Vindictive*.

At Nieuport, the Church of Notre Dame is being rebuilt, with the military cemetery around

amidst the remains, not only of Ypres, but of such devastated areas as that of Dixmude.

At Louvain, where the foundation stone of the new Library was laid only the other day, the people have much pride in the speed of their reconstruction. As we pictured on that occasion, work is even going on in temporary buildings while permanent structures are being set up around them.

By Spa, the dug-out at the Château du Neu-bois, in which the Kaiser lived, has become a show place, thanks to the generosity of its owners, who give to charity the fees charged for inspection. The shelter, by the way, is fittingly imperial in size, with entrance from the house and an exit to the grounds. The inner doors of it are by Krupp, and are fashioned in independent halves, divided across the centre, so that if anything blocked the lower part, the top could be opened, and so with the upper part—a precaution against the aerial bombers who never came.

In the cities and towns and villages that were occupied without incurring destruction, there is still the bitterest feeling: were not many atrocities committed, many hardships endured, many hostages taken, and much imprisonment and persecution suffered?

In fact, throughout Belgium hatred of the enemy is paramount: the Belgian cannot forget, and the nearer he is to the German frontier the greater his fear for the future, the more ardent his plea that the Allies watch closely, guard against surprise and revenge for humiliation.

As to the industrial situation of the country, it is a little "difficult" at the moment. Until recently the workers were doing their utmost, setting an example to the world; now, they have caught the fever in which all lands seem to be gripped. The "sleeping sickness" has fallen upon them; they are doing less and labouring more slowly, and with slackened interest, despite very much higher pay—and are to have the eight-hour day officially in October. The masters view the situation with some trepidation, and fear grave loss of trade; but they can only wait to see, and trust that the basic common-sense of Labour will

realise that business can only be pursued successfully when competitive prices are possible.

Meantime, there is the enlargement of the famous Port of Antwerp to help the country. And, taking it all in all, there is general content.

The attitude towards us is all friendliness, although we are apt to be blamed for the state of the rate of exchange—none can explain why—in Belgium or on the Continent as a whole! Nor are we forgotten for the care of the refugees. There is much gratitude for that, and there are those who will apologise, saying: "We are ashamed of the behaviour of some of our refugees. You will understand that they were not all the best Belgians." They are not easy to reassure, although one knows that already, and assures the teller.

Politically, the greatest interest centres round Mr. Lloyd George, and there is one well-known Belgian publicist, at all events, who mingles fear of him with praise of him, and would have him a Belgian. "For," he says, "wherever your Premier goes, with whom ever he confers, he always comes out on top! He smiles, and it is finished!"



"THIS IS HOLY GROUND": THE BRITISH NOTICE AMONGST THE RUINS OF YPRES WITH WHICH THE BELGIANS DO NOT ALTOGETHER AGREE.

The Belgians do not agree that any of the ruins in their country should be left as they are. They argue that the best memorial to the gallant dead is to rebuild, to wipe out the mark of the beast.

it and the famous crucifix—and over each of the graves the cross to the soldier or marine named, to the *inconnu* and to the German.

Always there is a great clearing up in progress; and, nowadays, there is many a hut-café or little hotel, to minister to the visitor—notably



YPRES UNDER RECONSTRUCTION: TYPICAL DWELLINGS THAT ARE BEING SET UP AMONGST THE RUINS OF THE HISTORIC CITY—A TEMPORARY SHOP ON THE LEFT.—[Photograph by Antony.]



# RAISING A 700-TON GUN-TURRET FROM THE SEA-BED: AN ITALIAN FEAT.

DIAGRAM BY LIEUT.-COL. OF NAVAL ENGINEERS O. GIANELLI.



1. A LIFTING STRAIN OF OVER 800 TONS: A COMPRESSED-AIR CAISSON RAISING A GUN-TURRET OF THE ITALIAN DREADNOUGHT "LEONARDO DA VINCI"—WATER FLOWING OFF THE CAISSON AS IT RISES ABOVE THE SURFACE.

2. EMBEDDED 30 FEET IN MUD AT A DEPTH OF 65 FEET: A GUN-TURRET WITH CAISSON IN POSITION—A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ATTACHMENTS AND DIVERS AT WORK (CONNECTED BY LIFE-LINES TO BOATS ABOVE).

3. AFTER RECOVERY: A TRIPLE GUN-TURRET, WITH CAISSON ATTACHED, BROUGHT INTO DRY DOCK AT TARANTO TO BE TAKEN TO PIECES—SHOWING THE "LEONARDO DA VINCI" HERSELF IN THE BACKGROUND.

The Italian Dreadnought "Leonardo da Vinci" (22,380 tons) was sunk by an internal explosion at Taranto in August 1916. In sinking she "turned turtle," thrusting her gun-turrets deep into the mud. After the war, by a wonderful feat of naval engineering, she was raised, righted, and re-floated, as described in an article, with illustrations, in our issue of November 29, 1919. Before she was raised, her five gun-turrets were detached (as with them she could not have entered the dry dock), and were left lying in the sea-bed. Three of them carried three 305 c.m.

guns and weighed nearly 700 tons each; the other two, with two guns, weighed about 500 tons. No crane could lift such enormous weights, so a special system was devised and patented by Lieutenant-Colonel Odoardo Gianelli, of the Italian Naval Engineers. A large circular caisson, with a lifting power of nearly 1000 tons, was lowered to a turret and connected with it by steel cables, blocks, and packing planks. After the mud round the turret had been removed by dredging, the caisson, with the turret fixed below it, were raised by compressed air.

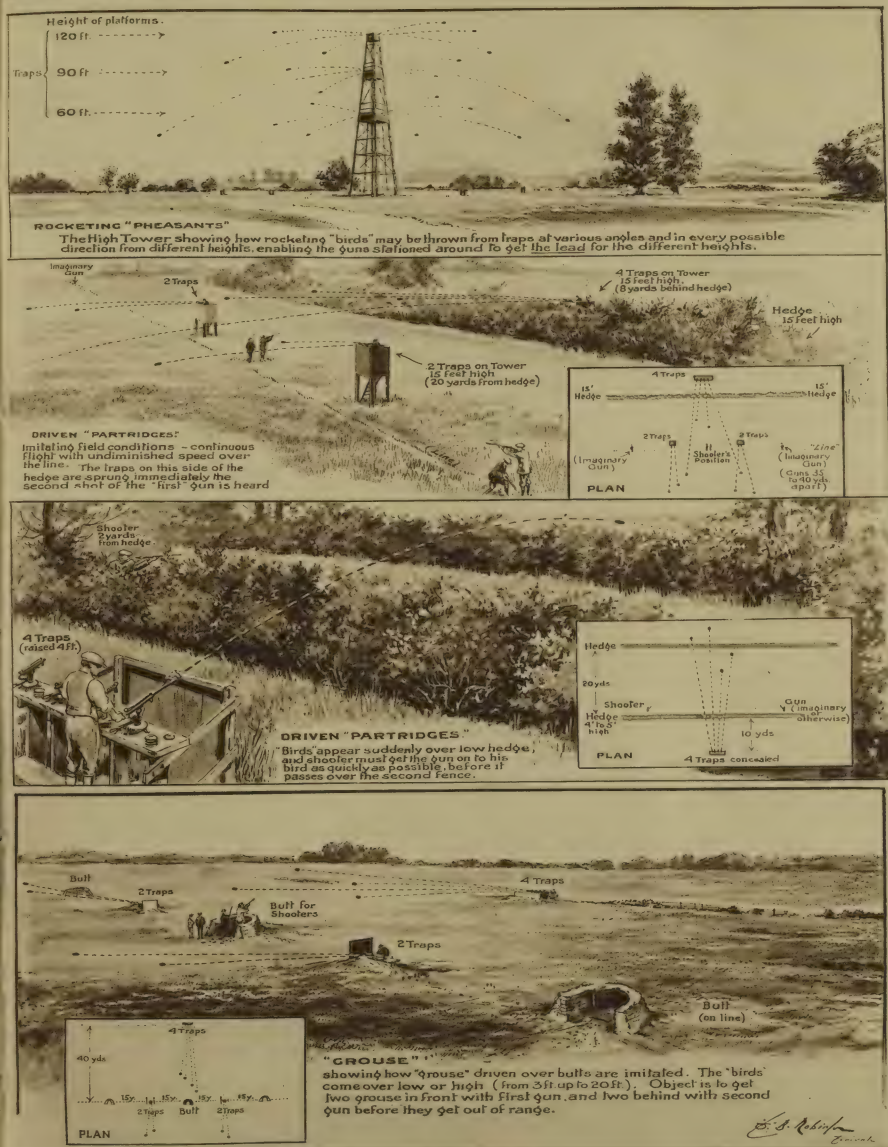


## TEACHING THE NOVICE TO SHOOT GROUSE, PHEASANT

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON, BY COURTESY

## AND PARTRIDGE: CLAY "BIRDS" UNDER FIELD CONDITIONS.

OF MR. RICHMOND WATSON, PERIVALE.



## NATURAL SPORT IMITATED FOR PRACTICE PURPOSES: TRAPS THROWING CLAY BIRDS

The illustrations reproduced above, in conjunction with an interesting article on the same subject which appears on another page of this issue, should prove exceptionally useful to those who are desirous of learning to shoot with a gun, or to improve their shooting in the most convenient way, and, to the general reader, will prove a fascinating study of "how it is done." The practice obtainable at clay birds, through the appliances shown in Mr. Robinson's sketches, covers the whole range of small-game shooting. One of the most important of the many special advantages to be obtained from practice in schools of this type lies in the fact that individual weaknesses on the part of sportsmen of all grades of experience can be specially dealt with and corrected. Continuous practice is possible at any particular class of shot in the handling of which a weakness exists—a condition of affairs impossible in the field, where chance alone decides the nature of the shot presented. Few people, even amongst shooting men, realise the distance travelled by a fast-flying bird between the moment at which the gun is fired and that at which the shot arrives at its target. A pheasant flying sixty miles an hour—a very usual speed—travels 81 feet during the period, if 40 yards from the gun. A sportsman who does not allow this distance in front of the bird

## IN EMULATION OF THE FLIGHT OF GAME BIRDS—AT A LONDON SHOOTING SCHOOL.

will therefore miss it; and, even if he does make this allowance, he may very possibly miss it or shoot in the tail if his nervous system should happen to be in such a condition that the finger and brain are not working together up to concert pitch. An experienced instructor watching a pupil's performance sees the nature of his faults and corrects them one by one. The clay "bird" is a light earthenware disc, shaped like a saucer, and is so friable that it is broken into small fragments if fairly struck by a charge of shot. The trap by means of which it is thrown into the air consists of a tripod stand firmly fixed to a solid base, to which is pivoted an arm operated by a powerful spring. The long end of the arm carries at its extremity a clip to hold the clay bird, the short end being attached to the coil spring. To "load" the trap the arm is pressed back till the spring is fully extended, and is held in that position by a catch, the clay bird being placed in the clip with its convex side uppermost. A pull on the cord attached to the catch releases the arm, which flies forward in a more or less horizontal plane under the influence of the spine, and the bird is thrown forward 70 to 100 yards in the direction desired by the operator, who makes the suitable adjustment to the trap before discharging it.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## TEACHING THE NEW GUN: CLAY BIRDS UNDER FIELD CONDITIONS.

IN every kind of sport the pleasure obtained by the sportsman depends, to some extent, on that sportsman's skill.

In the case of the shooting-man, a fair amount of skill is a necessity, as the absence of it not only detracts from the pleasure of the sportsman himself, but involves needless suffering inflicted on unfortunate victims, which, by reason of his bad performance, get away in a wounded condition.

In days gone by, the average British sportsman had scarcely anything to shoot at during the close season, and consequently started the new season considerably out of practice, with the result that the early part of it was wasted in regaining his "form."

The establishment of shooting schools, however, where clay "birds" taking the form of inverted earthenware saucers are thrown from spring-traps so as to offer every class of shot, has now made it possible for a keen shooting-man to commence a new season in as good, if not better, form than that in which he found himself at the end of the preceding one.

As a means of training the beginner, the value of these "schools" is very great, the effect of such training being that there is no need for anyone to go out with a shooting-party in the field until he has sufficient knowledge of the subject to enable him to go through a day's sport without being a nuisance or danger to his companions and until he shoots sufficiently well to avoid "letting off" an undue proportion of wounded birds.

The term shooting "school" must not be taken to imply that a course of training or practice involves irksome or uninteresting work, as, short of actual game shooting in the field, nothing can be more enjoyable to a genuine lover of a gun than a walk through the delightful fields and thickets comprising the shooting ground with "birds" springing from unexpected quarters at any moment, offering shots which require more than average skill to deal with in a workmanlike manner.

A very up-to-date establishment of this kind, the West London Shooting Grounds, at Perivale, near Ealing, is owned and managed by an enthusiastic shooting-man, Mr. Richmond Watson, at whose invitation the writer recently enjoyed an afternoon's sport at clay "birds" which were presented in such a manner as to offer a far greater variety of difficult shots than would be encountered in any one day's sport in the field.

The old saying, "Nothing succeeds like success," is applicable in an exceptional degree to initial efforts at shooting, as confidence in oneself is of first importance. A competent instructor will therefore lead a beginner by slow degrees only from the easiest work to that of the finished performer. For this reason the pupil is first introduced to the partridge rising just in front, the shooter knowing it to be there. This is done by throwing a bird straight away, horizontally, from a trap just in front of the "gun."

The next step is to arrange matters so that the "birds" rise unexpectedly, and from unknown points. To do this a plot of ground about 400 yards long and 40 yards wide is covered with thickets and thorn bushes, many of which conceal "traps." Three parallel paths, up which the "guns" walk in line, pass length-ways through the plot, the traps being sprung by concealed wires which the attendants pull

as they walk behind the guns. The "traps" are set so as to project the "birds" at all sorts of angles, and in all directions, and a man must be a first-rate performer before he can deal properly with the majority of these. A small coppice on the left conceals a trap which throws a "bird" back over the heads of the "guns" just when they are concentrating attention on things ahead, a very useful test for the alertness necessary for successful field work.

Practice at ground game is also obtained in this section. Hearing a shout, "Rabbit forrad!"



AS IF FIRING AT ROCKETING PHEASANTS: THE TOWER, WITH THREE PLATFORMS FROM WHICH THE "BIRDS" ARE THROWN—FROM HEIGHTS OF 60, 90, AND 120 FEET.

The tall tower with three platforms is used for throwing clay "birds" to imitate high-flying pheasants. A bird flying at 60 miles an hour at a distance of 40 yards from the gun requires about 8½ feet "lead."

the sportsman sees a disc rolling down the path in front of him, and if he be alert enough to turn his attention quickly from the air to the ground, he may add a "rabbit" to his bag. Having finished "walking up," we get a wonderfully realistic imitation of partridge driving in several forms.

As this form of sport is available in both grass and arable country, and the "guns" usually take cover behind whatever hedges or other fences happen to be conveniently situated, it is obvious that the nature of this cover must vary between wide limits from the uncut hedge, 15 feet high, in the grass country, to the fence between cornfields, which is often cut so low as to make it necessary

for a sportsman to use a seat in order to keep his head low enough to be out of sight of the on-coming birds.

For practice at this last class of shooting, the pupil is placed close up to a fence about 5 feet high, over which the "birds" are thrown from "traps" placed behind it. Behind the shooter, at a distance of 20 yards only, is another hedge, over which the "birds" almost instantly disappear, offering a shot which only the most wide-awake sportsman can hope to handle. This work tunes up a slow performer in a way that nothing else can, and a man who "kills" his "bird" before it disappears over the fence behind, would have a good chance of getting another out of the covey with his second barrel, if placed in a similar stand in the field.

When the fence is about 15 feet high, partridges can be driven over "guns" standing 25 yards back from it, making it possible for a first-class shot to drop two brace of birds out of the same covey. To do this he must get in two successful shots as the covey comes towards him after coming over the fence, and, taking his second gun smartly from his attendant, he must kill another bird with each barrel as the covey goes away behind him.

In order to give practice of this nature, four "traps" are placed behind the high hedge, the "gun" standing with his attendant facing the hedge, about 30 yards from it, on the other side. The duty of these four "traps" is to throw a "covey" of four "birds" straight over the "gun," so that he may select and "kill" two of them as they come towards him. Two other "traps" are placed in line 20 yards on the "gun's" side of the fence, one on each side of him, and "birds" are released from these to join the "covey" coming over the fence. These "traps" are sprung immediately the second barrel of the first gun is fired. By this means the velocity of the "birds" to be "killed" with the second gun, as they go away behind the line, is more or less the same as that of the first lot when shot at, which would not be the case if all were thrown from the more distant "traps" at the back of the hedge. In this way actual field conditions are closely imitated, as a covey of partridges certainly does not slow down after passing over the line of "guns."

A second line of "traps" is also used to practise shooting driven grouse from a butt, the second "traps" in this case being placed exactly between the butts, and all "birds" dealt with behind the line are thrown from them.

As grouse fly very low, it is important that all shooting should be done well in front or well behind the line of butts, and this rule is very strictly impressed on beginners by the fact that high steel shields are erected between the butts and the second line "traps," so as to protect the attendants from accident.

"Traps" fixed on a number of towers concealed behind a belt of trees afford excellent practice for high pheasants appearing unexpectedly from several directions.

The writer can assure conservative shooting men who sneer at clay "bird" shooting as a poor imitation of the real thing, that many of them would hold a different view if they would take the trouble to investigate its possibilities, as he has done.

H. W. BAMBER.



AS IF SHOOTING AT PARTRIDGES COMING OVER A HIGH HEDGE: PRACTICE WITH CLAY "BIRDS" FROM INVISIBLE TRAPS.

The man in the foreground is taking a bird after it has passed the line, and after changing guns. The one beyond is seen using his first gun on "birds" coming over from concealed traps behind the 15-ft. hedge.



AS IF "WALKING UP" PARTRIDGES FROM THE BRUSHWOOD WHICH CONCEALS THE TRAPS: A NOVICE AND HIS INSTRUCTOR.

A "bird" has just been released from a concealed trap, by the attendant on the right. Behind the gun is the instructor, who is closely scrutinising the effect of the shot, so as to correct any faults. (See pictures on preceding pages.)



## SWEPT BY BREAKERS: THE SEA-FRONT AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "REVISTA DA SEMANA."



SHOWING DAMAGE DONE ON THE FRONT DURING A RECENT STORM: WAVES BREAKING OVER THE EMBANKMENT.



THROWING CLOUDS OF SPRAY ALONG THE FIVE MILES OF SEA-FRONT: A BIG BREAKER FROM THE BAY.

Damage to a very considerable extent has been caused at Rio de Janeiro by the huge breakers which sweep up from the Bay. Our photographs show some of the big waves dashing over the embankment on the sea-front, and the damage to coping, lamp-posts and balustrades which has been caused. Rio de Janeiro is the largest city in Brazil, with a population, including suburbs, of nearly a

million inhabitants, chiefly Portuguese. Most of the town is modern, and many new streets have been built along the sea-front, which extends for five miles. The harbour has also been continuously improved since 1904. Rio de Janeiro has regular steamship connections with European and American ports. A campaign of sanitation has eliminated yellow fever, malaria, plague and smallpox.



# WRECKED HOLIDAY-MAKERS; ROYALTY'S NOVEL RIDE; AN M.P.'S WEDDING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



WITH 1500 HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON BOARD: THE "KING ORRY" AGROUND NEAR THE LIGHTHOUSE AT NEW BRIGHTON.



SHOWING A MAN AT AN ENTRANCE TO THE ENVELOPE: THE "R38" READY TO LEAVE HER SHED FOR HER ATLANTIC FLIGHT.



A ROYAL RIDER ON A ROUNDABOUT HORSE: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AT A CHURCH ARMY FÊTE AT ASCOT.



A CABINET MINISTER MARRIED AMIDST A CARNIVAL: SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN AND HIS BRIDE.

Fifteen hundred holiday-makers on the "King Orry," one of the finest of the Isle of Man steam packets, had an exciting experience when she ran aground at New Brighton, near Liverpool, during a fog. She missed the New Brighton lighthouse by barely a dozen yards. The passengers held impromptu concerts until rescue arrangements were made, and there was not the slightest sign of panic as, luckily, the vessel remained high and dry on the sands. Those on board were eventually rescued with long ladders and fire escapes.—The Duke

of Connaught attended a fête in aid of the Church Army's Motherless Children and Fresh Air Homes at Ascot, and took a ride on a roundabout.—At the wedding at Bray of Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, Minister for Agriculture, and Miss Phyllis Dereham, formerly his secretary, the villagers, who happened to be holding a carnival at the time, took part in the wedding festivities in their carnival dresses.—The United States are re-naming the "R38" the "Z.R." She cost America £500,000.





*Page 4 from Evelyn's Diary.*

"Bettys party was luvly. We had a fine tea with cokernut cakes and chocolit ones and Margaret spilt some jelly on her new frock. We had some luvly games which I hadnt played befor but the last was the best. It was called tasting. We sat with our eyes shut and Bettys mother popped sumthing in our mouths and we had to guess what it was. It was delishus. Some didnt know what it was but they will the nex time. John sed custard and Margaret sed ice-creem. I just sed Birds and I got the prise."

# Bird's Custard

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Children would indeed like every day to be a Bird's Custard day; but, for a party, mothers well know there must be a *special* Bird's Custard day. Success is then assured, because nothing graces the table like Bird's, and nothing is easier to make or such good value for money.

Bird's Custard is always most delicious, whether it be served alone in dainty Custard cups, or from a big glass dish with stewed fruit, pineapple chunks, tinned apricots or peaches.

Bird's Custard also makes a most lovely trifle, quite inexpensive; try it also poured over Swiss Roll or Jam Sandwich (you can make these ever so easily with Bird's Spongie). And here is another great treat,—just freeze Bird's Custard into ice cream! It is simply no trouble, only do not forget to double the usual quantity of sugar. No ice is nicer than a Bird's Custard ice, and none so wholesome.



## LADIES' NEWS.

MISS HELENA SCHILIZZI, who on the 9th of next month is to be married to M. Venizelos, is a very wealthy woman, and one who uses her money to excellent purpose. It is well that it should be so, for although M. Venizelos is an outstanding figure in European statesmanship, he is a comparatively poor man. This is due to his firm attitude of refusing to profit in the smallest pecuniary sense from the absolutely patriotic path which he pursued through and after the war. A friend who is back in England after a long residence in Athens says that M. Venizelos's financial position is in strange contrast to that of some who were his colleagues for a time, and who are now rolling in money. He is a great man, and has, happily, a son who is following in his footsteps. His marriage will be a quiet one, but one full of interest to those whose outlook is wide. Lady Crosfield, from whose beautiful house on West Hill, Highgate, the wedding is to take place, is a Greek lady, the daughter of M. Elie Elliadi, of Smyrna and of Southport. Her unusual Christian name is Domini; she is a delightful musician—executant and appreciative; has great charm of manner and good looks, and has the Order of the Redeemer of Greece.

The seasons change, and fashions with them. Seven years ago no woman expected to know anything of new autumn models before the end of September. Then she went to Paris, and only if she were a favourite was she permitted to have peeps at those in preparation for British buyers. Those for Transatlantic uses were of course ready, and more than willing to be inspected. Now there are autumn models in many of our great emporiums, notably Debenhams and Freebody's, and very alluring they are. In form there is no difference to speak of from our present styles, but in fabric and design there is decidedly fresh boldness and bigness. Where we are using embroidery in small patterns it is seen bold and big on the new models. Checks and stripes are in decided contrasts to the fabrics in which they are woven, and are wide and startling; and there are distinctly *voyant* borders woven in many of the new fabrics. There is a style about them, as there is always about what Debenhams's great house shows.

When one is going to a wedding at Bray Church, it is small wonder that the lilt of the limpet "Vicar of Bray" should haunt one. Yet the vicar, albeit not the lilted one, had nothing to do with the wedding in

question—that of Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen to Miss Phyllis Dereham, in Bray Church last week. Two Prebendaries tied the matrimonial knot, and it seemed



DISTINGUISHED BY THE ELEGANCE OF ITS LONG LINES: A NAVY-BLUE SERGE SUIT TRIMMED WITH NARROW BLACK BRAID.

This smart tailored suit must be worn with a high-collared blouse to give it its full flavour of "chic." It is carried out in navy-blue serge and trimmed with narrow black braid.

Photograph by Shepstone.

odd to see Prebendary Carlile out of uniform and in canonicals. His genial humour was still his never-failing garment when the ceremony was over. It was a charming wedding, the bride in white and silver, and bridesmaids in soft yellow and delphinium-blue—a cheery yet harmonious combination.

There will be many parties going North still, albeit the Twelfth is far in the past. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have but just settled in at Dunrobin, where it is believed that the Prince of Wales will visit them in the middle of next month. The Duke and Duchess of Portland seldom get to Langwell before the end of August, as there is an estate agricultural show at Welbeck when harvest operations are over. The King will be a guest of The Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh at Moy Hall next month, when his Majesty will once again shoot over moors which have before afforded him excellent sport.—A. E. L.

## "MY NIECES," AT THE QUEEN'S.

FIRST night audiences differ so considerably from those on which a management has ultimately to depend, that their verdicts, whether of approval or disapproval, are not always worth taking very seriously. But in the case of London's newest musical comedy, "My Nieces," the signs of disapproval which came from a minority at the Queen's *première* merit some notice, because in an extravagant form they gave expression to a somewhat general feeling. To tell the truth, we were just a tiny bit disappointed. In advance you would have said success on the biggest scale ought to have been assured. An adaptation like "The Boy," of one of Sir Arthur Pinero's Court farces, this piece, no less than its highly popular predecessor at the Adelphi, starts with the advantage of a well-planned plot and humorous dialogue; its music, from the practised pen of Mr. Howard Talbot, may be reminiscent and may not be ambitious, but at any rate it is tuneful; its cast includes experts in its class of entertainment who all make pleasing efforts. Then what was there sufficiently wrong with the new version of "The Schoolmistress" to excuse the grumblings from the gallery? In part, possibly, a lack of something in the original Pinero scheme may help to explain the "boos" we heard at the Queen's. Even in the old Court days "The Schoolmistress" was never such a favourite as "Dandy Dick," or "The Magistrate," because it had no strong part for a male comedian; there is no room, therefore, in any musical comedy founded on it for the work of a Berry or a George Graves, and the first-night "grouzers" may have missed the animation of such a personality.

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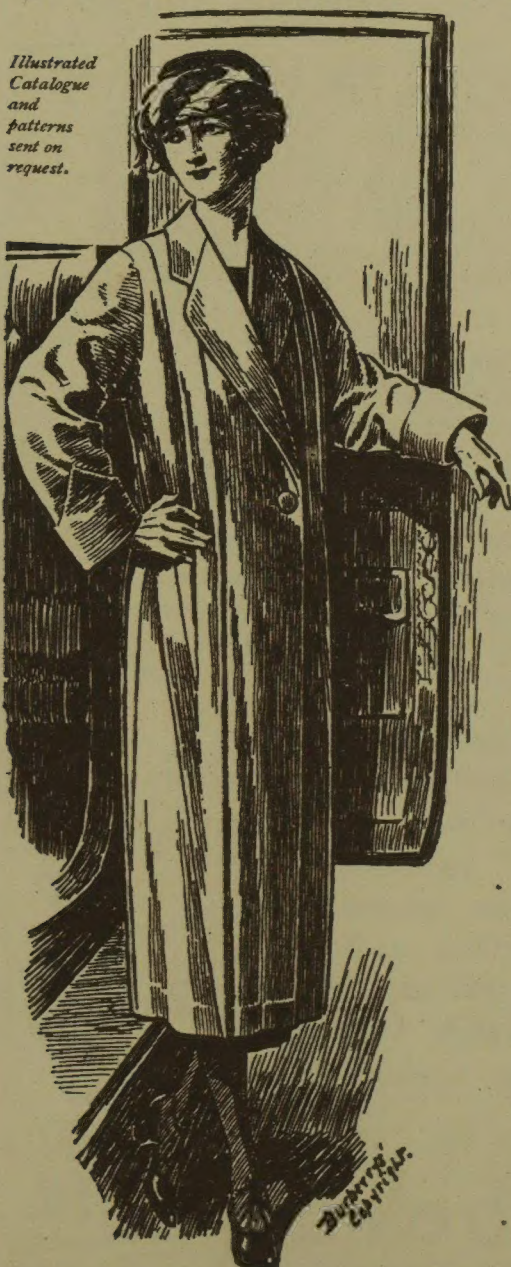
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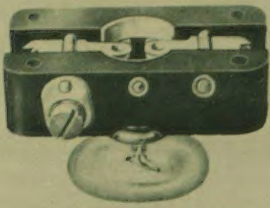
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The A.A. informs me that the railway companies have materially reduced the rates for the conveyance of light cars and cycle-cars between England and the Continent. The pious hope is expressed that



FOR THE INTERIOR LIGHTING OF THE CAR: A NEW PATTERN LAMP-HOLDER BY C.A.V.

this will lead to an increase in the number of tourists who take their cars abroad. In the first place, I hardly know why one should trouble to tour on the Continent when it is possible to spend one's holiday at home just as enjoyably, and at a much less cost than is incurred by a lengthy and troublesome journey in France. Of course, there may be personal and sentimental reasons for a visit to the country, in which case there is no more to be said. But to take a motoring holiday, wholly as such, across the Channel, does not appeal to me overmuch just now. It is a wildly expensive form of holiday, and, apart from the individual cost, it is surely desirable to spend one's money at home just at present rather than to take it out of the country. Then, the French Customs authorities are not making it easy for the British visitor. Until quite recently it was possible to obtain a customs pass from the A.A. or the R.A.C. either by depositing with them a sum of money sufficient to cover the duty on the car, or to secure the issue of the pass by producing a banker's guarantee to pay the duty if the car were not brought back. This facility has now been withdrawn—why, nobody seems to know—and it is necessary to deposit in cash with the French Customs the full duty on the car, amounting roughly to a third of its value. This is, of course, returnable when the car is embarked for the return across the Channel; but that is hardly the same thing. It is not always precisely convenient to find a sum of possibly some hundreds of pounds in hard cash simply for the privilege of travelling for a few hundreds of miles over French roads, which are not at all remarkable now for the excellence of their surface. If the A.A. will get the Customs facilities restored, I have no doubt a fillip will be given to Continental travel. That the mere reduction by a pound or two

of the rates of transport will make any difference so long as Customs requirements stand as they are, I do not believe.

Thermo-Syphon  
Cooling.

I have never been very greatly enamoured of thermo-syphon cooling for cars, and the experiences of the past summer have confirmed the impression that the small amount which is saved by omitting the pump and its driving gear is not worth while when considered side by side with its undoubtedly greater efficiency. The continuous hot weather we have experienced has brought a large number of complaints from car-users, who have discovered that the cooling arrangements which seem to be fairly efficient in normal weather are hopelessly inadequate when called upon to cope with the extraordinary conditions of such a summer as that of 1921. We all know that water does boil on an abnormally hot day, but we get so comparatively few of these days in the ordinary way, that the fact that we are running on too fine a margin does not impress itself. We suffer from overheating and simply put it down to abnormal conditions, until we get a continued spell of very hot weather to show that the system is wrong. That it is wrong I am convinced, and more particularly so in the case of the small high-efficiency engines which are so much the vogue now. I have suffered from the trouble to a marked extent, and comparing notes with others convinces me that there has been a very great deal of such trouble. It is not radiator capacity so much as rapidity of circulation that seems to be the matter, since I do not find that cars with pump circulation suffer from the boiling trouble, in spite of the fact that their water-capacity is generally less than of those employing natural circulation. The matter is one that it will repay designers to consider closely.

The Licensing Joke. The wonderful scheme of licensing and registration evolved by the Ministry of Transport is, I am informed, perilously close to a serious breakdown. The system

would have worked very well if people were not so inconsiderate as to sell their cars on occasion, entailing the sending back to the licensing authority of the registration book, its alteration to fit the new ownership, and all the attendant detail work which has to be done by the authority when a car changes hands. Some of the County Councils are simply snowed under by applications for such alterations, and, if one is to judge by the time it takes to get the necessary alterations made and the registration book returned, have almost given up the task in despair. The truth of the matter is that the system has turned out to be so unexpectedly complicated that it is unworkable in practice without causing the most serious inconvenience to the car-owning community, and to the authorities themselves.

Some Notable  
Price Reductions.

The price of the six-cylinder Lanchester chassis has been reduced to £1950—a fall of £250. The Lanchester Company ascribe this reduction to the



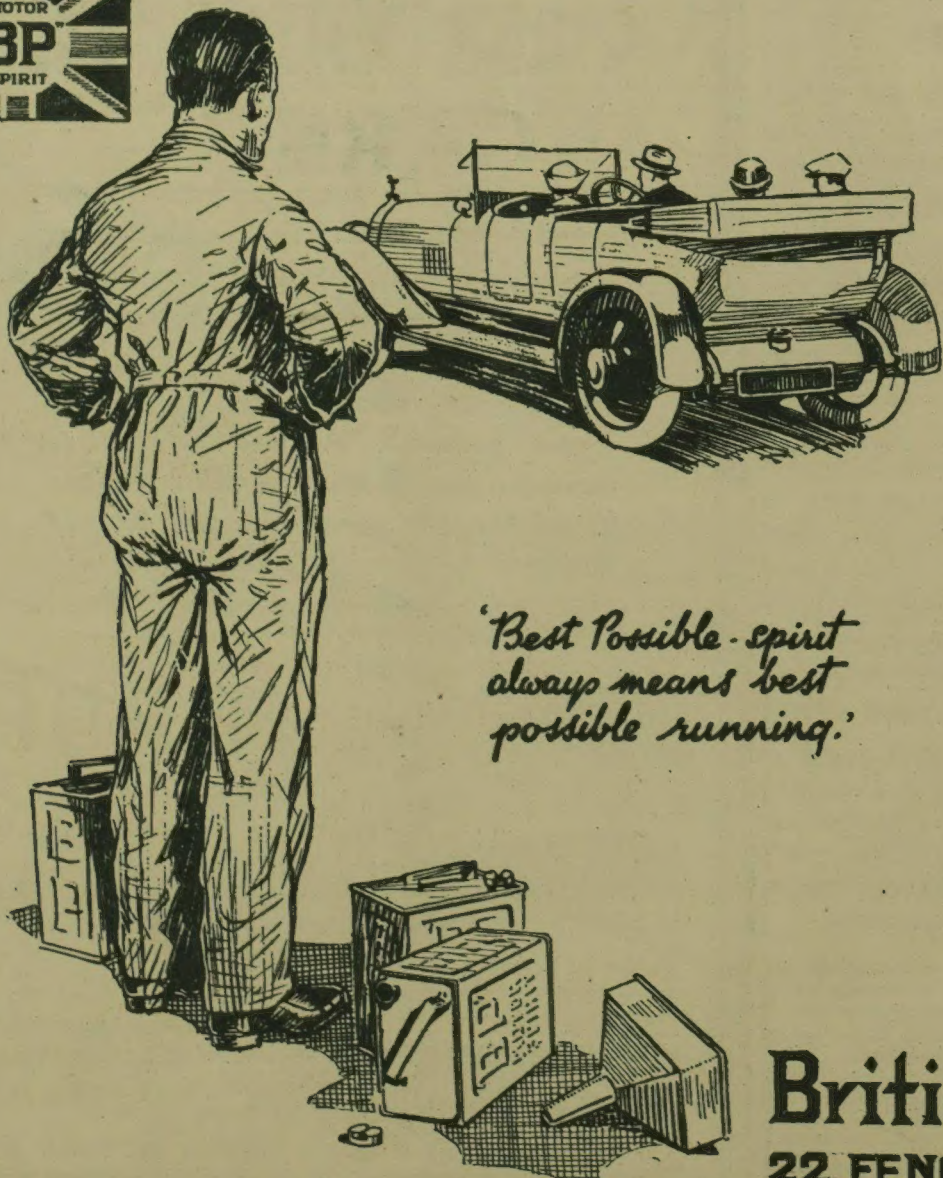
LEAVING ARUNDEL: A TOUR IN A WOLSELEY "TEN"; WITH THE CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

lower costs of labour and materials as compared with prices ruling a few months ago. Another very notable reduction is that made in the case of the whole range of Fiat models, which brings, notably, the 10-15-h.p. model into close competition with British cars in the same class.

W. W.



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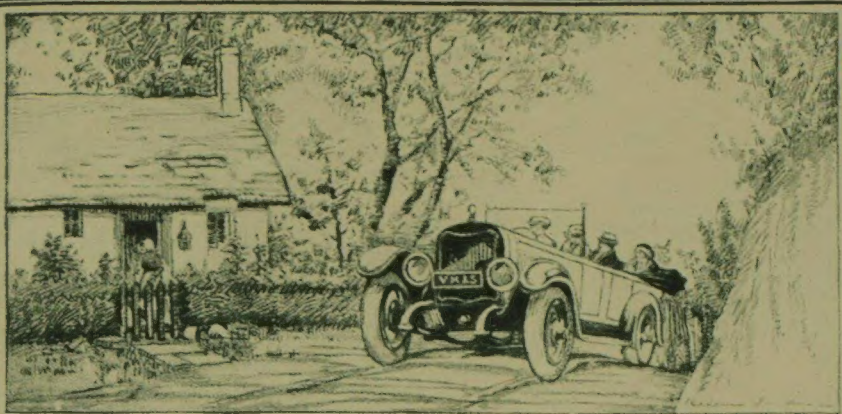
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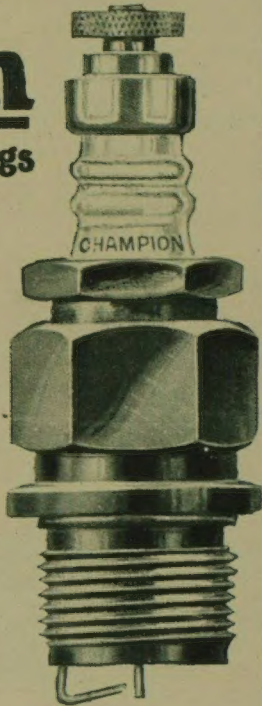
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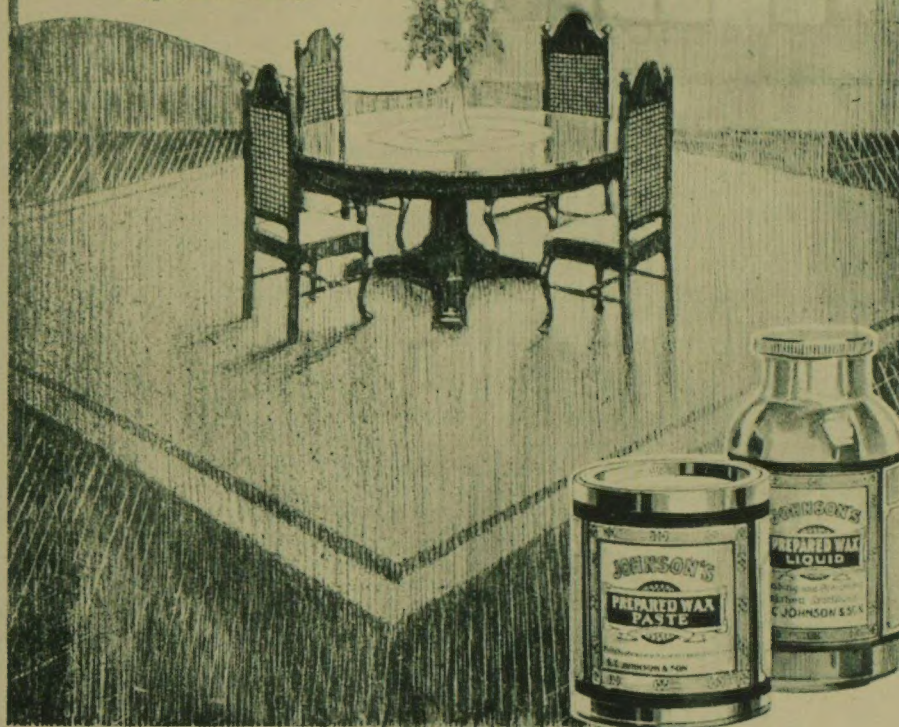
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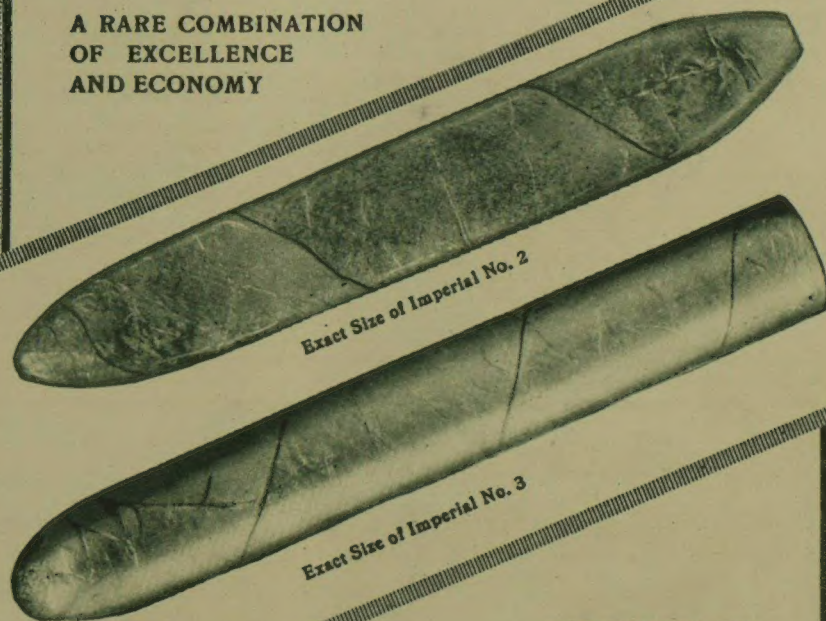
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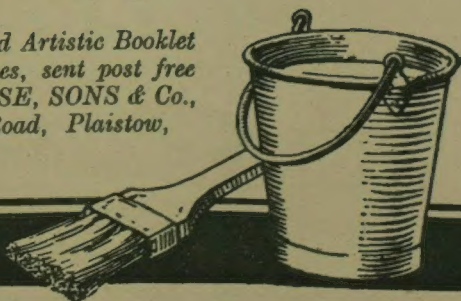
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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"ROCK RABBITS" AT THE ZOO.

IN one of the large cages outside the Caird Insect House in the Gardens of the Zoological Society lives a colony of "rock-rabbits," till now unhonoured and unsung. Probably, indeed, but few of the visitors to the Gardens have ever noted their existence, for they are not creatures which appeal to the eye, either on account of their size or coloration. Fame, however, has now been thrust upon them. For, a few days ago, our newspapers proclaimed the fact that, for the second time in the history of the Gardens, two "rock-rabbits" had been born there! The precise date of the birth is not known, for they were not discovered till they had grown big enough to run about. The period of helplessness, during which they are carried on the back of the mother, had passed.

The brief announcement of that newspaper man will send quite a number of people to the neighbourhood of the Caird Insect House to inquire for the new arrivals, and, having gazed at them, and their parents, for a few moments, they will turn away, perchance a little disappointed. For the rock-rabbit is not much to look at—compared with zebras, giraffes, elephants, and tigers. As its name implies, it is rather like a rabbit which has had its ears cropped. In the middle of its back is a light-coloured patch lodging a gland, probably scent-dispersing, and it has conspicuously short hind legs. Hence, in its movements it is very unlike a rabbit. So, too, are its feet, for the toes are partly ensheathed in horn-forming little hoofs recalling those of the rhinoceros or the elephant.

Yet the "rock-rabbit" is one of the most interesting animals in the whole Gardens. Confined to Ethiopian Africa and Arabia, including Palestine, this little creature is represented by some fourteen species.

These, however, do not differ greatly from one another in appearance, though they are divisible into two groups, according to their habits. The one haunts rocky ground, the other trees, in holes of which they sleep. To the Cape Colonist it is the "klip-dassie"; in popular natural-history books it is called the "rock-rabbit." In scientific works it must be sought for under the name of hyrax; while to the Israelites of old it was the "coney." By the Mosaic Law it was an "unclean" animal, chewing the cud but not "dividing the hoof," and therefore forbidden meat.

rocks with the most surprising ease. And this because the soles of the feet are richly provided with sweat-glands, and have the power of being transformed into cup-shaped cavities acting as suckers, as efficient as those of the gecko. When it wedges itself into some cranny in the rocks, to escape capture, it is impossible to drag it out alive, unless the rocks can be displaced, because the body is inflated with air so as to become jammed against the sides of the crevice, as with rock-lizards in like case.

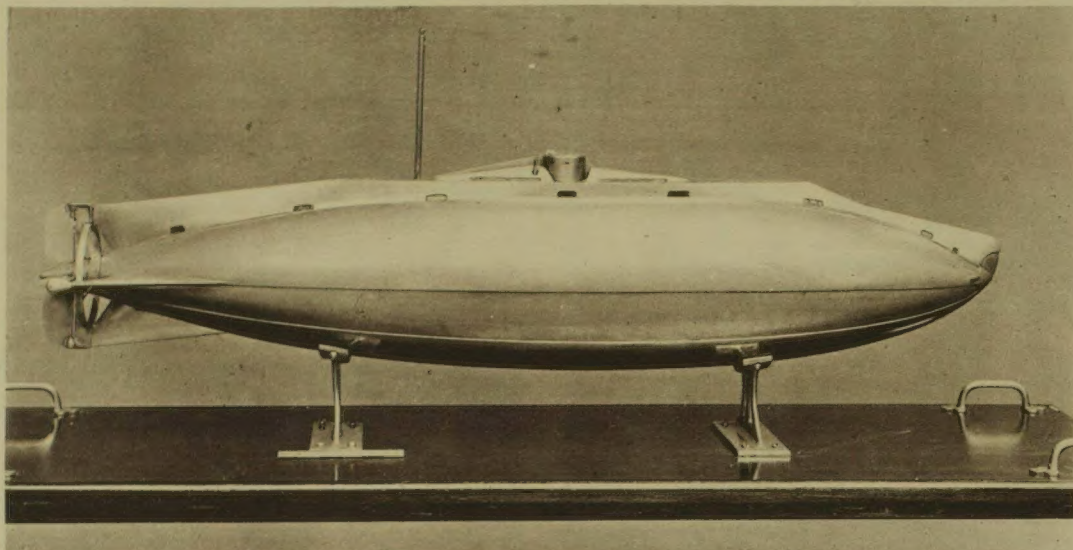
The precise relationship of the hyrax to other

animals has long puzzled layman and scientist alike. By the Cape Dutch it was christened "klip-dassie" or "dasje," meaning "rock-badger." But it is certainly in no way related to the carnivores. Moses was much nearer the truth when he placed it among the ungulates or "hoofed" animals; but it is no ruminant, as he seems to have supposed. Cuvier was the first to get near the mark when, mainly on account of the character of its teeth, he placed it near the rhinoceros. Later research has brought to light much new evidence on this theme. And this shows that the hyrax is to be regarded as the isolated survivor of a very primitive stock, which gave rise to a number of very remarkable, but now extinct, creatures, such as the bizarre arsinotherium and dinoceras. The first-named is a beast as big as a rhinoceros, with a pair

of huge horns placed side by side between the eye and the nose; while the dinoceras was even bigger, and more amazing in the armature of its head. To these creatures and others belonging to groups unknown outside museums it was certainly related. More nearly, but still distantly, is it related to the elephant.

It would be impossible to produce here all the evidence on which our classification is based. Enough has been said to show that this rather ordinary-looking little creature is of very ancient lineage.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



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Photographs of models at South Kensington showing the evolution of the British Navy will be found on other pages of this issue. The above photograph shows the first submarine. The photograph of the model is reproduced by permission of the authorities and the courtesy of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd.

There are several references to the hyrax in the Bible, indeed; but save that they tell us that "the coneys are but a feeble folk, yet they make their houses in the rocks," and that they "are exceeding wise," we are told nothing of their habits.

One of the best accounts of the life-history of the hyrax that I know is that of my friend Mr. F. W. Fitzsimons, who has put on record two very curious facts concerning its climbing powers and its behaviour when striving to avoid being dragged from its place of refuge. It will climb, he tells us, the steep face of

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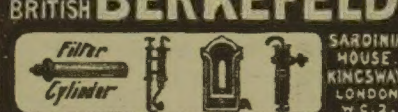
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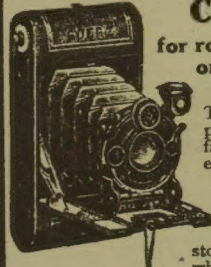
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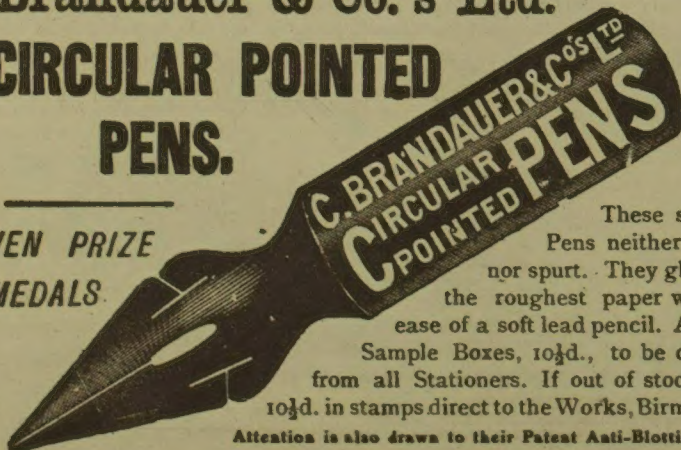
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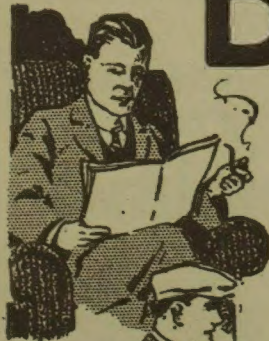
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